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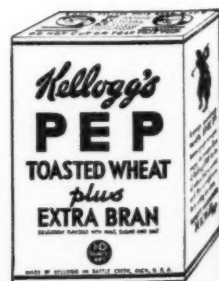
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THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE

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Courtesy of the Rhode Island School of Design

MOTHER AND TWO CHILDREN

From a painting by MARY CASSATT

THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

ANNE STODDARD • EDITOR

DECEMBER • 1934

The Heedless Haydens

*Beginning a new Western serial about
a cheerful but harum-scarum family who find they had
better change their ways if they want to keep their beloved ranch*

By
LENORA
MATTINGLY
WEBER

IT was a festive day on the Rocking Chair Ranch, for a number of reasons.

Bendy Hayden sang as she hitched Tillie and Tom to the wagon, to drive the seven miles of lumpy prairie road from the Rocking Chair to the town of Slow Water. Tillie was balky and uneasy for fear her colt, which hovered near, would be left behind. Bendy slapped the mare's broad hip soundly, shoved her over and pulled the tug in place. Old Tom stood in bored lethargy.

A waiting, friendly lull was in the September air as though summer, standing with her hand on the door, was listening to all the prairie life urging, "Oh, don't go yet! Stay a while—stay!" The leisurely whirl of the windmill, the horsey smell of Tillie and Tom, the honest scent of alfalfa, the plaintive reproach of pigeons in the cottonwood trees, were all blended in happiness.

Bendy and her brother Ben were driving in to Slow Water to load on to their wagon a huge hot-dog stand. The itinerant owner had sold it to Ben cheap, and he was going to convert it into a coop for young turkeys.

The ranch house was cluttered with Ben's literature on raising turkeys. Not ordinary turkeys, though. Ben's dream was this: he would breed domestic turkey hens with wild turkey toms, and thus secure birds which would be able to fly, so the coyotes—dread menace to poultry raisers on the plains—would never be able to catch them. And in a short year or two they'd be rich from turkeys, and famous—because they were the ones who'd pioneered in this domestic-wild turkey venture.

Yes, today was a festive day! A lump sum of money had been paid to their grandmother, Mary Martha Hayden, upon the expiration of her insurance. Not that she would keep it for herself. She had brought her grandchildren up, after the death of their parents, and what she had was theirs. "The Haydens were never hoarders," she'd said. If the young members of the family, enraptured by Ben's rosy plans, wanted to put the money in turkeys, old Mary Martha was willing.

Ben Hayden came out of the blacksmith shop. His hands held some rope lengths, and, as usual, his eyes held planning visions. "We'll get three hundred turkey hens," he told his sister. "We can handle them as easy as thirty. They can roost there in the cottonwoods when they're old enough to fly. And they'll get plenty of grasshoppers off these plains. Why, by next Thanksgiving, we can ship a carload of them."

Bendy and Ben were twins. They had been christened

Brenda and Benedict, but childish lips had simplified the names to Bendy and Ben. They were now seventeen, going on eighteen.

The Haydens of the Rocking Chair were known as the "happy Haydens." They made a gay picnic sort of affair out of living. When they went to the Pines for a load of wood, they all went along and built a fire and

cooked their dinner. Every meal was a gay bedlam with all of them talking and teasing and arguing. Evenings were a delight with Ben rocking little Skipper Ann, the youngest, and making up new verses to old songs.

There was about Bendy Hayden a surprising vividness. Here, in this prairie country, where a relentless sun faded everything, her eyes, under black lashes, were a surprising blue. And her laugh was so surprisingly all laugh. There was always a mused-up breathlessness about her, too, always a bursting-out of seams when she wore dresses—which was seldom, as her usual costume consisted of a flannel shirt and corduroys. Just now, in reaching to pull Tom's forelock from under the bridle strap, she had burst out the underarm seam of a blue dress that had shrunk with washing.

"I TOLD you," reminded her sister Laura who appeared upon the scene at this moment, "to put a gusset under your arm, or it'd pull out." Laura constantly scolded Bendy about her mused-upness, constantly lent her hairpins and safety pins. Laura was a year and a half younger than her sister, though people thought her the older, because she was so "settled;" and because Laura was "plumping out," while Bendy was still slimly straight as a boy.

The horses were hitched now, with Tillie's colt keeping a watchful eye on the proceedings. Bendy was tying the lines when the small corral gate was banged open by a boy running with jerky speed because of a clumsily bandaged foot. "Bendy—Bendy—" he panted, "she's after Ruble with the broom."

"Give him here, Joe." A black, palpitating animal went from Joe's hands to Bendy's, was thrust into the bottom of the wagon and covered with a blanket dropped from the wagon seat.

The still quivering corral gate slapped open again. An old woman with pink cheeks, with no stoop to her back, stood and glared about the corral. Her grip tensed and untensed on the broom handle like a ball player's on a bat. "Where is that slinking weasel? I won't have it sniffing around my churn. I'll break its neck."

"YES," ELLIE AGREED,
"THEY DO CALL YOU
THE HEEDLESS HAYDENS.
THEY EVEN CALL YOUR
ROCKING CHAIR RANCH
THE BROKEN CHAIR"

This was Mary Martha, their grandmother, though none of them—except Laura occasionally—called her that. Mary Martha stood there in the gateway glaring and threatening. Joe was an unwashed limb of Satan, a child of disruption. Ah, and just let her get her hands on that weasel.

The "slinking weasel" was really a silver fox that had lost both his plummy tail and his morale from contact with a fighting dog—and he was all that remained from one of Ben's ventures. Bendy and Joe had rescued him with one ear ugly and cut, and most of his white-tipped tail gone. Joe had nursed Ruble back to his wistful, lonely foxhood, but his market value was gone with his tail. The poor beast was the target of many epithets. Murdock, the old cowhand, called him "that cussed skunk." Laura scolded constantly about his sleeping on Joe's bed. And even Ben had wrinkled up his nose and said, "The fool thing certainly doesn't smell like mignonette."

"Where is that weasel?" demanded Mary Martha again. Luckily Laura had gone to look for eggs, for Ruble was in her disfavor, also. No one answered, and Mary Martha, muttering to herself, turned towards the house.

"COME on, Ben," Bendy called impatiently from the wagon. She clacked the lines as he climbed up and dropped into the creaking wagon seat beside her. Joe pulled open the wide corral gate.

"Bendy, can you see anything I've left off?" Ben asked. "I have a half-finished feeling." Like all dreamers, he was absent-minded. Sometimes he went about in shoes that weren't mates.

They were just turning out of their own lane of cottonwoods, after putting Ruble out of the wagon, when Goosie, the dog, came bounding out of the back door. Now she'd be panting after them into town. Bendy laughed, as she gathered up the slack lines. The jolting of the wagon fell into a waltz rhythm,

"Hi-lee, Hi-lay, Hi-la-day—"

Through the cottonwoods on the right, as they drove, were to be seen the tall wire fences Ben had put up last year for the silver fox venture. There were the boxes he had built for them, high off the ground. At night, the boxes stood like tombstones. Yet some of their best hay land had gone for the silver fox scheme. They'd had such high hopes.



"Butterfly, the mother fox, is sure to have four or five puppies—sometimes they have seven," Ben had said, holding up a page of figures. Yet nothing in Ben's figures told that Butterfly would die of distemper before the four or five—possibly seven—were born; or that Ruble, Butterfly's lonely mate, would dig himself out of the wire enclosure one night and be half killed by a ruffian dog.

And there, at the left of the lane of cottonwoods, Bendy could see rows of dead, spindling trees which had started out to be a grove of pecans. Year before last, Ben had persuaded the family that all the world was waiting for pecans. Like careless forgotten pencil marks against the sky now, but it had taken the Snake Gulch land to pay for them.

UP the prairie hill the wagon rattled. Right on top of the hill a bleak house sat. For twenty years that grim, unsmiling house had scowled disapprovingly down at the Haydens. The uncurtained windows were like unblinking, accusing eyes.

This was the home of All-alone Smith. She was called that because her constant brag was that she got her land and her cattle all alone. Hard feelings existed between her and the Haydens. It was difficult to say why. She had tried to tell Mary Martha how to raise the children—and who was she, Mary Martha demanded, to be minding their business for them? All-alone was always critical of the Haydens—her fury ever ready to lash out at them if they left a gate open. She was a bitter-tongued, hard-working woman.

All-alone Smith kept a gaunt, spotted watchdog. He came hurling himself down the road now, a snarling, teeth-baring beast. Tillie's colt trembled, pushed close to its mother. Poor Goosie made a desperate lunge to get inside the wagon. Bendy leaned over, tugging her in.

"There's old Rain-in-the-face in person," she said.

A woman was digging in the garden. Like a grim old scarecrow in a man's hat and long, dragging skirts. Ben shouted at his sister over the din of barking, the rattle of the wagon, and Goosie's whimperings, "Lord love us, if she isn't digging those little marbles of potatoes!" Potatoes had been a failure this year on the plains. The Haydens hadn't bothered to dig theirs.

Now they were past the unblinking house. Goosie jumped from the wagon, scuttled after a rabbit. Tillie settled herself into an even gait with the long-legged colt beside her. Ben and Bendy gave themselves to dreams. Such wonderful dreams.

Ben murmured, "We can figure on a rough five dollars on each marketable turkey. We'll get Mary Martha a teapot

with a lid that stays on, and Skipper Ann a Shetland pony."

Bendy laughed in a glow of anticipation, dangled the whip to tickle Goose's ear.

Sudden thunder clouds were darkening the sky when they passed the old Dwight ranch. This big ranch had been unoccupied for years, but lately it had been bought by some rancher from New Mexico, who was interested in raising horses. The Haydens hadn't met their new neighbor, though they had heard talk of him in town.

Thunder growled heavily in the purple-black sky, as they reached Slow Water. Ben dropped off at the hot-dog stand, while Bendy drove on to the big hitchrack in the middle of the street. Lightning flashed as she tied the horses.

Across the hitchrack a tall, broad-shouldered young man stood at the side of a fidgeting young filly. Another zig-zag of lightning, and the filly reared, nostrils flaring, eyes dilated. The man soothed her, "There, there, girl—it's all right!"

"She goes hog-wild in lightning," he explained, his deep gray eyes looking at Bendy. "When she was a colt she got panicky in a thunder storm, and got all messed up in a barbed wire fence."

Bendy stared up at him. She had a sudden breathless feeling that she had driven the long miles from the Rocking

*Illustrations by
Joseph Stabley*

Chair . . . for this moment when the earth waited hushed under a black sky, cut now and then by orange flashes. As though this were a lovely interlude out of a hurrying life.

The stranger spoke again. "Guess it looks locoed for me to humor a fool filly." His manner made her feel that it mattered greatly to him what she thought.

"No—not locoed," she answered swiftly. "She isn't afraid when you're with her." He looked strong, and kind, and unafraid, she thought. That was why she had spoken so impulsively.

A sudden burst of rain hurled down upon them. Even then Bendy would have stood unmindful of the rain, but she heard the loud voice of Ab Drummy calling her from the bank, "Come inside! Hurry! You'll get wet."

Bendy ran to the shelter of the bank doorway, waiting for the gustiness of the shower to pass. Across the street Ben was taking out the glass windows of the hot-dog stand.

Two ranchmen were pressed close to the bank building out of the rain. One said, with a nod toward Ben, "There's another fool scheme under way. Turkeys that fly! Give those heedless Haydens another year or two, and they won't have an acre of ground left."

"Nor a dollar," agreed the other. "They're a shiftless bunch."



ALL-ALONG SMITH HELD OUT A CALLOUSED HAND. "MY HANDS ARE THE KIND THAT HOLD TIGHT—AND YOURS ARE THE SLACK KIND"

The two men were soon absorbed in another topic, but Bendy's eyes were wide with misery. And her heart was a painful, thudding rock in her chest.

It was late that afternoon when she knocked at the door of the Drummy screened-in porch in Slow Water, and Ellie Drummy, in her wheel chair, hurried to open it. Ellie's father, Ab Drummy, owned the General Mercantile. He was one of the bank directors, too. Just now he was promoting a cream station where cream could be tested for butter fat and paid for, before shipping to the city.

A baffling hip disease confined Ellie to her chair. Her face was like a white, half-wilted pansy. She uttered a glad cry at sight of Bendy, then added, "Gosh, are you sick?"

BENDY shook her head. As usual she looked rumpled and mussed, for she had been helping load the hot-dog stand. She was breathing hard, and the light spattering of freckles stood out on her face like flecks of butter in watery buttermilk.

"No—I'm not sick." But there was misery in her blue eyes. "Listen, Ellie, I want you to tell me the truth. About us, I mean. Do people think we're shiftless? While Ben was loading on the hot-dog stand, I heard two men laughing about us. One of them said, 'Another scheme of the heedless Haydens. Give them a little more time and they won't have a dollar left, or an acre of ground.' . . . Go ahead and tell me, Ellie."

"Yes," Ellie answered honestly, "they call you the heedless Haydens, the harum-scarum Haydens. They even call your ranch the Broken Chair."

Bendy winced. "Our Rocking Chair—the Broken Chair!" But of course it was. They had sold off one piece of land after another to get money for Ben's ventures.

Ellie said, "Papa told me just the other day that All-alone Smith had finally got her clutches on that last piece of hay land you folks sold."

"No!" Bendy felt almost faint. It seemed suffocating here in this vine-covered porch. "Why does she want that land? She never rested till she got that piece of Snake Gulch land that we sold. She's got more land now than she can use."

Ellie said slowly, "She wants your whole Rocking Chair . . . I guess you know—everyone does—how she was always crazy about your father, and she never forgave him for marrying someone else."

"I know," said Bendy. Not that anyone had ever told her in words, but Mary Martha's mutterings, the furies and bleak unhappiness of All-alone Smith had somehow pieced it together.

"Papa said that she lived there, neighbor to the Rocking Chair, and during haying time she'd go down and help with the cooking, and she just took it for granted that she was going to be Mrs. Hayden and live at the ranch. And then," Ellie laughed delightedly, "your mother came down from the city to see a rodeo, and it was one of those cases of love

at first sight. And All-alone Smith has hated everybody ever since."

"She hates us because we've been so happy—and heedless," said Bendy with a sigh.

"She's a half-crazy old woman. Her eyes are in terrible shape, and she's too stingy to get glasses. But you Haydens'd better sit tight, or she'll get her clutches on your Rocking Chair."

Bendy answered, with a touch of defiance, "We'll be out of the woods soon. Ben's going to put Mary Martha's money in turkeys. That's what the hot-dog stand is for."

"Yes, and papa's just faunching about it. He wants you to put it in cows. He can get a good buy on young Jerseys with their first calves."

The girl's eyes filled with sudden building plans; her sickened spirits knew a sudden nostalgia. The Rocking Chair had been built for a cow ranch. Her grandfather had brought across the plains big herds of cattle, had built strong corrals to hold them.

A lovely flush swept over Ellie's white face. "Ben's so sweet, Bendy, and I'll always be wild about him. . . . But he's dumb as a dodo about money. He ought to be out fixing up your fences. You heard the Dwight ranch was sold? At first the buyer was balky because he'd heard how heedless you Haydens were. He said he didn't like neighbors that had such slack fences—that it meant slack people."

BENDY'S blue eyes flashed. "Then he can stay inside his own tight fences!"

Ellie reached out a hand. "Get Ben and old Murdock out to fix the fences so people won't call you slack. Don't look so white and hurt. I'll stir up some lemonade."

Ellie was expert at swishing about in her wheel chair. She stirred lemon juice; steered herself to the sink for water. She went on talking, "Papa told you about the application for a teacher for your school, didn't he?" Ab Drummy was also president of the school board.

Bendy had finished school the year before, though Laura still had a year of high school left. She nodded. But what did it matter? . . .

So they called them the heedless Haydens. . . .

"This one applicant sounded good, because she could teach high school, too," Ellie was saying. "But she specially designated that she had to have a room to herself. You couldn't give her a room all to herself, could you? Here's your lemonade. Bendy, you aren't listening!"

Bendy got to her feet. Ben was coming down the road, slowly, with the hot-dog stand swaying on top of the wagon. Ellie was all interest. "That'll be a load going up that hill by the Dwight ranch."

She called after Bendy, "Oh wait! I've got something for Joe. He was telling me about that nasty dog of All-alone Smith's. I found these giant firecrackers—left from the Fourth. Tell him to throw one at it, the next time it comes pelting down the road after him." (Continued on page 47)

The Ballad of The Christmas Star

By FRANCES FROST

Above the mountain's crest,
The star against the blue
Blossomed; and on the breast
Of darkness, hemlocks knew
The gentle weight of whiteness,
The easy wind's soft sound
That sifted the silver lightness
Across the drifted ground.

Huddled within the grey
Barn's warm and weathered walls,
The calves were restless; hay
Was sweet in the bedded stalls,
But the horses whinnied, shaking
Their halters, seeing the star
Through the small window, breaking
Over the mountain's bar

Like an opening flower, gold
Upon the heaven's deep
Clear cobalt, as of old.
The drowsy mother-sheep,
Her lamb nuzzling her side,
Lay in the dusky straw;
The lamb tottered and cried
Toward the window, when it saw

The great star lifting slowly
Over the snowy sod,
Over all creatures lowly,
As over the Lamb of God
It burned once on a blowing
Night . . . and the lamb was still,
Watching that brilliance growing
Over the wintry hill.

The Big Idea

*Another story
about Alice Buckley's
adventures as a
social worker*

By
MARY
CONOVER

MISS BUCKLEY, they're
hittin' me."

Alice Buckley, a dark-eyed girl of sixteen, came to a standstill before the gathering of small boys at the side of the church. She knew that voice well. It could be no other than that of Willie Skelly, known to all the neighborhood children as "Slinky."

"Willie!" she said. "I'm ashamed of you. I've no patience with people who tell tales. Take your own part when they tease you."

Slinky stretched out his thin, wry neck at right angles to his thin, wry body. His eyes were green and shifty, the eyes of an alley cat.

"I c-a-a-n-t," he mewled.

The boys made way for Alice, with much shuffling of feet, and vied with each other in opening the gate. Their hands on the cold iron uprights looked red and tingling. Alice was a well-known figure in their world, one of the church girls who was deeply interested in its social work. She tramped across the snow-crystals of the courtyard and vanished from their sight through the Gothic door.

It was early afternoon on Saturday, and Christmas was at hand. Tuesday would be the great day. The expressman had delivered a load of hemlock trees for decorating, and they lined the walls of the vestibule. Wrapped in burlap and tied with twine, tall and thin, they looked to Alice like giant umbrellas in cases. Their perfume caught at her heart.

She threw her weight against a second heavy door, and stepped into a whirl of holiday preparations. Fat old Mr. Peebles, the colored sexton, mounted on a stepladder, swayed perilously as he tacked ropes of laurel along the picture-molding of the church parlors, and over the pointed casings of the windows. In the room's center the top needles of an untrimmed Christmas tree brushed the ceiling. A group of women seated by a table were filling piles of wide-meshed net stockings with candies. They tied a candy cane to each stocking with red worsted, and stacked the finished products at the table-end. The buzz of their chatter mingled cheerily with the rat-tat-tat of Mr. Peebles's hammer.

In the church study Alice slipped off her squirrel coat and



"SHALL YOU BITE HIS
HEAD OFF FIRST?"
FRIEDA ASKED. "I
DUNNO," SLINKY CON-
SIDERED GRAVELY. "I
HOPE HEAIN'T HOLLER"

Illustrated by Leslie Turner

placed it, together with her hat, beside the other hats, coats, and hand bags littering the chairs and low bookcases. Today the study had laid aside all its traditions of neatness and order. There were packages and boxes piled on the window sills, an open barrel of wreaths, just delivered, spicy and cold, in the corner, and in the middle of the carpet a long feather out of Mr. Peebles's old turkey duster.

Alice sat cross-legged on the floor pulling out boxes from a cupboard when a step sounded in the hall, and Miss Cooper, the social worker of the church, entered. There was a spot of nervous color in Miss Cooper's cheeks and her usually calm voice was tense and high-pitched.

"ALICE! I'm glad to see you!" she rapped out. "I'm in a predicament. Would you be an angel and take charge of the Saturday Class this afternoon? The doctor has just 'phoned that he's been able at last to secure that hospital bed for old Grandma Poli, and they're coming to take her at three o'clock. I'm piled up with Christmas work, and don't know how to leave, but I'll have to be at her house when the ambulance calls."

"Of course I'll take it," said Alice. "You can't be in two places at once. Doesn't she want to go to the hospital? Why do you have to be there?"

Miss Cooper took time to laugh. "Oh, she's consulted the neighbors, and they've told her dark stories. Now she's afraid to go for fear she'll be 'black bottled.'"

"'Black bottled'? It sounds dangerous. What is it?"

"It is dangerous—very." Miss Cooper made a face of mock solemnity. "The hospital feeds you an awful dose out of a

black bottle, then cuts up what's left of you to make castor oil. Fe, fi, fo, fum!"

Alice laughed. "Don't worry about the class. I'm giving the girls in my section a lift on these duster-bags and iron-holders, now, or they won't be able to finish them today. They're all meant for Christmas presents."

Miss Cooper sorted out her hat from among the others, and donned it without looking in the mirror. "I've asked Natalie Graves to take your place in the girls' sewing section. Paula Evans will play the piano, and Grace Campbell will take the tiny children as usual. You'll have the general oversight of the class, charge of the games, and take my place in the boys' section. Mr. Peebles will be here to help if there's any trouble. I've got to run. I've got everything to do before three o'clock. Good-by! You're a sweet thing!" And Miss Cooper's skirt fairly snapped around the door-frame.

Alice settled herself in a chair, and threaded a needle. The boxes stood open on the floor. Stillness fell upon the room. "Miss Buckley."

She started. She had believed herself alone. "What is it, Frieda? Is anything the matter?"

Frieda stepped inside the door. She was ten years old, very clean and very blond. As a tribute to the coming great day she had had a permanent wave that morning, and her short hair was pasted to her head in yellow ripples. So that all the world might see, she carried her hat in her hand with studied carelessness. Her stiff fur coat was new, and so short as to afford a glimpse of the buckled garters holding up her fat white woolen stockings. There was an air of conscious prosperity about Frieda.

"MISS BUCKLEY," she said, "those boys are hitting Slinky again. I don't think that's right." Her manner was officiously maternal.

Alice sewed an inch of red braid on an iron-holder, inspected it with a critical eye and returned it to its box. Then she slipped into her coat and followed Frieda outdoors into the churchyard.

Some of the urchins at the gate ducked and ran when they saw her coming, but most of them stood their ground. They walked the icy lower rail of the fence, picket by picket, avoiding her eye. They seemed holding in a desire to grin, she thought, and each one displayed a deep interest in some object far down the street.

"What's the matter out here, boys?"

Frieda smoothed her coat complacently. "They're always hitting Slinky, and I don't think it's nice—even if he is poor."

"Abraham Lincoln was poor," said Alice. "He lived in a log cabin when he was a boy, and had to split rails. Who'd he get to be?"

"President of the United States," came in a smart chorus from the boys. They were always glad to show their schooling.

"If Willie does right and studies hard, maybe he'll get to be President of the United States. Then he'll make laws that we'll all have to obey." She glanced at Frieda. The boys stopped fidgeting, and gave this new thought their attention. "Come into the church, Willie. I want to speak to you. No, Frieda, you stay outside."

Alice seated herself again in the study, and Slinky stood before her. With one hand he held his ragged cap, with the other he made a general desperate clutch at his jacket and tattered shirt. One stocking was down and his knee was bleeding a little.

"Why don't you button up your jacket?" asked Alice.

"Ain't no buttons," he answered in a nonchalant tone. It was true. There were no buttons.

"Seems to me I saw some safety pins in one of these boxes. Oh, yes! Hold still, and I'll try to pin them on." She knelt before him.

Something impelled her to look up, and she met Slinky's eyes, hazel-green and luminous, and glittering with suppressed exultation. He was smiling a wide, weird smile. "I'm goin' ter be President," he croaked.

His words gave Alice pause. She hoped she hadn't overdone the matter with Slinky.

"You'll have to learn a lot before that happens," she told him. "And there's one thing I want to tell you, Willie. If you're going to be President of the United States, you'll have to hold your own with those boys. You'll have to make them respect you, some way or other. There now! Run along."

When the clock struck three, Mr. Peebles opened the side door, and the mass of small stub-toed boots stormed over the sill and crashed up the uncarpeted stair to the Sunday School room above, the trying wait ended at last. Every Saturday

saw the group at the church gate long before the hour for class, and today, as this was Christmas Saturday, many of the children had been there since lunch-time. Any crumb of excitement seemed sufficient to justify their vigil, and when Mr. Peebles had actually rolled a barrel of Christmas rubbish out into the courtyard, feeling had run high.

There was Joey with the ragged teeth and expansive grin, and Moritz and Georgie Moskowitz, and Freddy and Dominick, and Bertie Rudd, and Frieda wearing a brand-new, envy-exciting silver bracelet, and poor little Teddy Cusack who spoke only gibberish—"couldn't speak even Polack," to quote Frieda. Georgie Moskowitz was smartly turned out in a dark sweater with the mysterious word "Gassolube" in white letters across the back.

Mr. Peebles, puffing, followed the onslaught to the Sunday School room, carrying in his arms Tommy Rundle,

small and frail, whose shrunken legs hung helpless, iron-heavy in their braces. Below, the landing was blocked by Tommy's wheel chair, pushed, dragged, and lifted upstairs by the willing arms of a half dozen small busybodies. Helping Mr. Peebles.

Last of all came Slinky. His outside garment was a gray sweater, miserably thin. It had been darned with red yarn where it had broken away across the shoulders, and it turned in at the rear in an abject manner.

BUT this afternoon Slinky seemed unlike himself. There was a subtle difference in his bearing. He looked taller and thinner than usual, and more elusive and shadowy. There was an odd, set grin on his face, and he threw his cap into the corner with a nonchalance new and almost aggressive.

Alice noticed this change in Slinky when he walked up to her, standing before her squarely. In his hand he carried a box, on the cover of which a lady's head and a spray of lilacs were embossed. He looked Alice steadily in the eye, and for once she felt that she had to reckon with him. Then, lifting the cover of the box, he displayed a neat layer of chocolates.

"It's a box o' candy," he said. "I'm goin' to eat it here!"

Candy and gum were not forbidden in the Saturday Class, but they were discouraged. Alice's first impulse was to say, "I'd wait till afterward, Willie," but the something different in Slinky's manner prevailed and changed her mind.

"All right," she said.

NOËL

By

CATHARINE GLEN MADDOCK

*Angels appeared on earth,
Hailing the Heavenly Birth
One Christmas morning.*

*What if a listening ear
Some echo still might hear—
A wakeful, watching eye
Some passing wing espy!*

*Who knows what pinions sweep
Over us yet, asleep,
What starry legions tryst
In the great amethyst
Hush before dawning?*

At Alice's nod, Paula Evans, at the piano, struck a bell, and Alice herself stepped forward. "Miss Cooper won't be here this afternoon, children, and I'm taking her place. I've thought of something that'll be fun. We've played the old games so often that today I'm going to let you choose your own. I mean the ones you play on the sidewalk after school's out."

There was a chorus of "Oh!" and "Ah!" and a dozen hands waved aloft. Some of the boys snapped their fingers to compel attention. "Let's play *Bluebell*!" "Let's play *Lazy old Mary*!" "Let's play —"

Alice stopped the babel. "We can't play them all at once," she laughed. "Let's start with—what did you call it—*Bluebell*? Come, Frieda, don't keep us waiting." The silver bracelet was being displayed at length before an admiring feminine group gathered in the corner.

SLINKY laid aside his box of candy with elaborate care, and ran with ungainly motions of haste to take his place in the circle of children. A few chords sounded from the piano, and the ring commenced to revolve, each child chanting over and over:

"Bluebell, Bluebell, b'low my window—
"Take a—little girl—tap her on the shoulder,
"Take a—little girl—tap her on the shoulder,
"Oh, Johnny, I am t-i-r-e-d!"

Usually, Slinky cringed on the outside of the circle until invited to enter it, his neck outstretched, his eyes misty with eagerness. But today he stepped in confidently. He was even troublesome, treading on the smaller children's toes and tangling the line, still with that weird, triumphant smile on his face.

The air of the Sunday School room was heavy with the fragrance that means Christmas. Ropes of evergreen hung in loops from the gallery where on Sundays the older classes sat. The clock was framed with a wreath of holly. On the landing below, someone had left ajar the narrow door which opened breath-takingly, and without warning, on the sanctity and red carpet of the church itself, and through this door today rose the throb of the organ and the full-throated notes of the choir, practising carols for tomorrow's service:

"Noël! Noël!
"Born is the King of Israël!"

"What shall we play now, children?" asked Alice, as the line shook itself and once more became a circle.

Henrietta Popek's hand shot into the air. "*Lazy-old-Mary-will-you-get-up*," she poured forth in breathless haste, lest someone cut in before her.

Slinky took a step forward. His forced effort at self-asser-

tion twisted his features into defiance. "I'll be 'Lazy old Mary,'" he said firmly.

The children questioned Alice's face with looks of uncertainty, but their interest in the game eclipsed their surprise at Slinky's behavior. They began to chant:

"Lazy old Mary, will you get up?
"Will you, will you, will you get up?
"Lazy old Mary, will you get up?
"Will you get up today?"



"WHAT'S THE MATTER, BOYS?" ASKED ALICE, AS SOME OF THE URCHINS DUCKED AND RAN

Slinky knelt in the center of the circle, his broken shoelaces turned up. The title rôle of "*Lazy old Mary*" demanded the singing of a solo. He raised scared, desperate eyes to Alice's face and lifted his tuneless pipe:

"W'ha'll yer gimme fer my breakfast?
"Fer my, fer my, fer my breakfast?
"W'ha'll yer gimme fer my breakfast?
"If I get up today?"

It was the wail of a coyote.

The circle wheeled giddily around him, singing:

"A piece of bread and a slice of fat,
"A piece of bread and a slice of fat,
"A piece of bread and a slice of fat,
"If you'll get up today!"

The "slice of fat" rather took Alice's breath. She had a half dizzy feeling that the class (Continued on page 36)



The Christmas Crèche

By

HELEN PERRY CURTIS

AT Christmas time, our family celebration does not center around the presents we give, as for the last year or two we have been able to afford almost none; nor around the Christmas feast, because even that has had to be frugal; nor on going to parties and theaters. The center of our celebration is a Christmas *crèche*, a fragile and exquisite manger and Christ-child, lighted nightly by a single candle which to us, and to our friends, means the Star of Bethlehem and that first Christmas long centuries ago. Some of our friends are Protestant, some are Catholic, some go to no church at all, but to one and all the manger and the Christ-child mean the real spirit and tradition of Christmas. For the tradition of the *crèche* (which is French for manger) belongs only to the celebration of the birth of Christ, which has been held in churches, and carried out in miracle plays in village streets for the last two thousand years, while many of our other Christmas traditions, the Yule log, the Christmas tree, the use of holly and mistletoe, go back to pagan times. They are none the less lovely because they have been carried over as symbols of joy into the great Christian festival, but they are less typical of the real origin of Christmas.

Our *crèche* is a particularly lovely one that we found in a quaint German village, Rothenburg-on-Tauber. It was modeled by a charming young sculptress, Marta Hinckeldey-Wittke, who loved making these little figures for herself, and afterwards began making them for other people. She took us into a high-ceilinged room in her quaint old house, where a dozen flax-haired girls were casting and coloring the figures after her models. Each girl was doing the part that she liked best to do, and you could feel the gentleness, and almost reverence, with which they handled the tiny figures. There were angels and shepherds, and oxen, and sheep, and wise men, and, most exquisite of all, the manger with the Christ-child and the adoring Madonna kneeling beside it. Although we have had our *crèche* for many years, I never look at it without

IN ALL TONGUES,
IN ALL PLACES,
JOY IS FOUND
ON THIS NIGHT





Marta
Hinckeldey-Wittke
is the young
sculptress
from
Rothenburg, Germany
who modeled these
lovely figures

seeing again the place it came from—the tiny German garden, the quaint house, and the rosy-cheeked girls who worked over it so tenderly.

ON Thanksgiving evening, each year, our daughters unpack the crèche from its special box and set it up—sometimes on the mantelpiece under a painting of stars and cypress trees, sometimes against a bit of old green damask, sometimes on a low table which they arrange with a setting of moss, and tiny green box boughs, and a little stable. Always there is one tall candle to light at night for the Star of Bethlehem. For a whole month before Christmas, the crèche is there. When our daughters were tiny, they used to sit beside it and talk to the figures as if they were real people. Now that they are both older they still love it, and every night before going to bed, they light the candle and sing a carol. When people come to the house, they are always taken to see the crèche at once. Children especially love it and, for days before Christmas, keep coming in, just to have another glimpse of it. Sometimes it is carefully packed up and taken on a visit to school or Sunday school, or to comfort a sick child, and it has never been roughly handled or broken.

Because we have been so interested in our own crèche, my daughters and I have been finding out all we can of the traditions connected with it. We spent last year in Europe, and hap-

pened to be in southern France at Christmas time. After the midnight mass in the ancient cathedral in Grasse, we went to see the crèche, the same one that had been set up there for generations. In the houses of the peasants of Provence we saw the same little figures that had been brought out at Christmas time by each family for years and years. Each crèche was given an important place in the room, under a sunny window, or beside the fireplace, and was set up against a miniature landscape of pebbles, moss, greenery, looking-glass pools, and a little stable. There were also tiny animals and Provençal *santons*, small figures which represent the bringing of gifts to the infant Jesus, such as the spinner with her flax, the farmer with his sheaf of wheat, the vineyard-keeper with his jug of wine, the shepherd with his sheep—each bringing the gift of his own labor. Often members of the family added to the traditional crèche a new figure, or a new animal, stable, well, or pool. Tradition means much to the European peasants who have lived for many generations in the same cottage, and on the same land, and this ancestral crèche, with its reverently cherished figures, is the real center of their Christmas festival.

In Italy, we saw
(Continued on
page 39)

SMALL ANGELS
AND NEW-BORN
LAMBS GREET THE
YOUNG CHILD





The Lighted House

By
MARJORIE MAXWELL

*Illustrations
by
Ruth King*

ANDY WAYNE let go his sister Felicity's mittened fingers, and swung off in a wide circle on the gray ice, his face lifted in anxiety to a leaden sky overhead. "I thought so—there comes the snow!" he called to the three skaters swinging along in line behind him. "We'll have to speed up, if we're to make Jenkins Landing before it's too thick to see our way. Remember, none of us know this lake. Set a faster pace there, Jim Crow," he admonished the stocky, dark boy on the other end of the line. "Flis will have to keep up as best she can."

The youth thus addressed nodded with a matter-of-factness that indicated the odd nickname was one of long standing.

"O.K. But there's no good in killing yourself at the start of the race. Isn't that right, Noll?"

The equally dark, but taller and slimmer boy, who was holding Felicity's left hand in the line, replied by suddenly stepping up their long, gliding pace with determination.

"That snow's got a come-to-stay look about it that I don't much care for," he said. "It wouldn't be hard to get turned around on a lake as big as this, if you couldn't see the shore on either side."

"Aunt Fran said a man froze to death in a storm several years ago on this very lake," Felicity burst out. "The houses along the shore, and on those little islands, are all owned by summer people, and they're closed in winter."

In the bleak and desolate surroundings in which the four found themselves, the picture her words called up was distinctly not a pleasant one.

The snow was drifting down faster and faster now, in fine, whirling flakes that seemed to be rapidly thickening. The trees on both sides of the lake were only a blurred outline that was blurring more and more as the minutes passed.

And then, without warning, Felicity caught the tip of one skate in a crack under the surface carpet of snow. The speed at which she was going, and the unexpectedness of her enforced halt, wrenched her hands from her companions', and she pitched forward, face down, and lay there without stirring.

It was Noll Cawthorne who got to her first. Slipping his arm capably under the red head in the snug little squirrel cap, he lifted it a few inches from the hard ice.

Felicity blinked her eyes dazedly like a startled child, putting one hand up to feel a big bump that was already visible on her left temple.

"Hurt?" Noll asked, raising her head a bit higher. The girl winced involuntarily. "Yes, but I'm afraid that's not the worst of it. It's my knee. I must have wrenched it somehow when I fell."

For a brief instant the eyes of the three boys met in a glance of dismay.

"Don't try to move for a moment or two, and I'll rub it, and see if we can't limber it up a bit," her brother said, trying to keep his voice unconcerned.

Felicity set her teeth as Andy, with infinite gentleness, rubbed and flexed the hurt knee, and after a few minutes the pain really did lessen a little.

With relieved faces, they helped her to her feet.

"You can hold on to Noll and me," Andy said anxiously. "Don't try to skate. Just let us pull you along."

He glanced about him, and uttered a startled exclamation.

The snow had closed in on them while they had been working over Felicity. It was suddenly like being in a thick fog, that shut them into a strange, white isolation in which there were neither familiar landmarks nor sense of direction. Even the long lines of their tracks, which might have guided them, were covered from sight by the rapidly falling snow.

"I—think we were heading this way," Andy offered doubtfully, after he had turned and turned, studying the ice and the wind-direction.

"Um-mm," Noll said, non-committally. "Anyhow we'll never get anywhere waiting here, and slowly freezing."

THE word was not a happy one to have used under the circumstances, he realized as it passed his lips, especially after Felicity's tale of the man who had frozen to death in a similar storm, perhaps on the very same spot.

"I'm afraid Aunt Fran will be worrying," the girl said, wistfully, thinking of the vigorous, gray-haired writer-aunt who had had such a delightful inspiration about this mid-winter vacation period, opening her rambling, log-covered camp in the Adirondacks for her niece and nephew from Philadelphia, and the two sons of an old friend from a mid-western city.

None of the four young guests had ever seen the woods in winter before; and all had been brought up on exciting family yarns of this particular little artist-and-writer colony on the shores of Tepee Lake, where Miss Francesca Whittemore spent her summers—and occasionally part of her winters as well, when she was engaged on some specially in-

*What would you do if a blizzard caught you skating
on an Adirondack lake, with all the cottages closed for the winter?*

tensive writing that demanded solitude for its accomplishment.

It had seemed to them all like the chance of a lifetime for winter sports; and the second day of their visit had found them, equipped with skates and heavy mackinaws, already exploring the firm gray ice of Lake Teppee and—though this was not premeditated—having their first experience, as well, of an Adirondack blizzard.

"Well, what's the verdict?" Andy asked impatiently. "We had the wind at our backs most of the way home."

"Yes, but it swung about several times during the morning," Jim Crow returned thoughtfully. "Still, we may as well try it. As Noll says, we can't stay here, and it'll certainly be easier skating with the wind behind us."

The last argument—especially with Felicity to be pulled along on her skates, a dead weight—decided them. So Noll and Andy, as the tallest, took little Felicity between them, making her slip a hand through an arm of each, and they struck out once more, in what they hoped was the right direction.

The all-too-short winter afternoon was drawing rapidly to a close, the early darkness hastened by the snow-fog in which they moved, sightlessly.

They had given up trying to talk some time back. Felicity's

knee continued to ache dully, and she was so utterly weary now, that—what with fatigue and the whirling eddies of white before her eyes—she was growing a little giddy.

It was while she was fighting one of these dizzy turns that she heard Jim Crow's voice.

"Look out there," he was shouting. "Big snow bank just ahead!"

They swung off to the right, just in time to avoid skating full into a steep bank, its sides and top covered so thickly with drifted snow that none of the four could make out whether it was a high shoreline, or a wall of some sort.

LET'S skate along it for a way, and see if we can't find some easier place to get ashore," Andy suggested, with a glance of concern at his sister's tired face.

They kept on, more slowly now, to the right, and it was Noll who made the discovery, on looking back at their tracks, that they had been skating in a big circle, following a wall.

"I don't believe this is the lake shore, at all," he said. "We've stumbled on one of those islands Aunt Fran spoke of, and have been skating clear 'round it. That's a real wall, not the shore bank, and it means, of course, that this is one of those privately owned islands the summer people have



AND THEN, WITHOUT WARNING,
FELICITY PITCHED FORWARD AND
LAY THERE WITHOUT STIRRING

built on. There's bound to be a house in there. But the question is, how do we get over the wall?"

"Probably we'll come on an inlet, with a boathouse," Jim Crow offered. "Anyone who lives here in summer must depend on boats for getting to and from the mainland. There—" he broke off excitedly, pointing. "There's your break in the wall, and the peak of a roof."

They skated nearer, their eyes studying the shoreline expectantly. The break in the wall was only a few yards ahead, and the roof was not the small roof of a boat house, when they came near enough to see, but that of a house of fair size, with a veranda running all across the front.

They were able to skate right up to the broad front steps which overhung the lake. From there, they discovered the house consisted of only one story. The front windows, giving on the veranda, were all tightly shuttered.

"Shall we take off our skates?" asked Felicity. "We couldn't go in if we didn't."

"Surest thing in the world," answered her brother. "Sit here on the step, and I'll take 'em off for you. It won't be so pleasant walking through the snow in our stocking feet, at that."

Felicity shivered. "We can't help it, Andy."

Skates off, they tip-toed up on the veranda.

"We'll simply have to find some way to break in," Noll said anxiously, going over to the nearest window, where he

experimented with the closed shutters, quite unsuccessfully.

"Try the front door," Felicity urged. "Sometimes people are careless about doors."

Jim Crow obligingly rattled the knob at her words, and gave an exclamation as the door swung inward under his fingers.

He gasped incredulously, "Why—why—there are lights inside, Noll! We—we'd better ring the bell."

He put his finger on the button, and all four listeners heard it ring, quite clearly, somewhere at the back of the house. They waited, but the peal of the bell was the only sound that broke the silence. No feet hurrying to answer such an unexpected summons on such a night. No sound of voices, or movement, anywhere.

"We can't stand here, waiting for them to wake up," Andy declared, and with his arm about Felicity's weary shoulders, he propelled her gently into the hallway.

It was a short hall, and it ended in a closed door at the farther end; but between this door and the place where they stood, on the right-hand side, there was a second door—it led to a coat closet, as they soon found out; and there was another door on the left, that stood wide open, and from this the warm glow of a flickering fire poured out into the hall's dimness.

The four walked to it on tip-toe, looking into a huge and cheerful room, wainscoted in dark pine, with low rafters overhead, and the very grandfather of all fireplaces, built of gray boulders, facing them from the opposite wall. A fire, blazing brightly, burned on the hearth, and a low table was drawn up near it, beside a chintz-covered armchair.

The fireplace was equipped with an iron crane from which hung a copper tea kettle; and on the low table there were a single cup and saucer, a bread-board with half a loaf of bread on it, a toasting fork, and a jar of jam.

Evidently someone had been engaged in preparing himself—or herself—a late lunch, or an early tea.

On the stone mantle-ledge over the fireplace, two candles in tall iron candlesticks had burned down to short stubs, but they were still alight. On the brick floor of the hearth, there was an old-fashioned glass lamp chimney, but no lamp.

Pulling up her sweater sleeve, Felicity glanced at her wrist watch, and then with concern at her companions.

"Four-thirty already," she said. "What—is Aunt Fran going to think?"

One of the candle-ends on the mantelpiece guttered and went out, smoking unpleasantly.

"Do—do you suppose anything's happened?" the girl asked faintly.

For reply, Noll, frowning a little, went out into the hall, where he raised his voice in a shout. "Is anybody at home?"

He called again, several times, without obtaining any answer; then, his face grown grave, he opened the door to the closet and peered within. Nothing there but darkness and a miscellaneous array of coats. There was one more door—at the end of the passage. He strode down the hall and flung it back.

It opened into a neat, rather bare bedroom, which was as empty as the living room, and—having no fire—much colder. He came out hastily, closing the door behind him.

"Just an empty bedroom," he said, frowning uneasily.

"There's another door over there," Jim Crow discovered, staring at one end of the big room they were in, and—no one else offering to explore—he went over himself and opened it.

"Kitchen and woodshed," he reported a minute or two later. "Nobody in either. But there's a fire in the stove. Someone must have lighted it not so very long ago. Wood burns fast, you know."

They looked at one another then, their faces rather white. Somebody (Continued on page 44)



QUITE SUDDENLY FELICITY WAS AFRAID. SHE PUT THE BACK OF ONE SHAKING HAND AGAINST HER LIPS

Guests Who Are Asked to Come Again



By
BEATRICE
PIERCE

Another of our etiquette series: It's More Fun When You Know the Rules

AT one time or another I suppose every one of you has had someone visiting you in your home. Think back for a moment over the guests you have had, and answer yourself truthfully—haven't there been certain people that you would love to have visit you again and again? And others that you don't care particularly to invite a second time?

A second invitation is really a compliment. As a rule it means much more than a first one. The first invitation may be merely the result of an impulse, or a matter of duty. The second probably indicates that the recipient is a person who wears well, and is adaptable and thoughtful of others. A girl, then, who receives a good many first invitations, and only a few second and third ones, should lose no time in checking up on herself to find out whether she is at fault in any way.

In planning this article, I am thinking especially of the girl who wants to discover why she is not invited twice to the same home; and also of the girl who will soon be a house guest for the first time.

Let's begin by considering some reasons why certain types of guests are not often invited again. The first type I think of is the restless one. This guest is the kind who follows her hostess around all day, expecting to be entertained every minute; if the restless guest picks up a book or magazine, she looks through it idly, never settling down for an hour or two of quiet reading. Unless someone is chatting with her, or is providing her with amusement, she fidgets, and acts bored, and is unhappy.

The restless guest who never reads or entertains herself at all, has an opposite who may also be unpopular with

Decorations by
Marguerite de Angeli

hostesses. This opposite is a girl who reads too much, instead of not enough. Perhaps some of you will recognize her in yourself.

She is the chronic bookworm. For hours on

end she reads in a dazed abstraction, oblivious to her surroundings, seemingly unaware that she has come visiting. If you are her hostess, you may find yourself thinking: "I wish she would put up that old book, and come play tennis with me. If all she cares about is reading, I don't see why she came to see me."

ANOTHER trait that may make a girl unpopular is over-enthusiasm. To be sure, enthusiasm of a good, honest sort is a marvelous asset. But have you ever had a guest who overdid it? One who gushed all the time? Let's try to be fair about her, and grant that she is merely trying to let you know how much she appreciates you, and your family, and all the pleasant things you are doing for her entertainment. It is mighty nice to be told that your party was perfectly lovely, and that the dessert you fixed for dinner was delicious. But to hear these things repeatedly, to be told over and over again that the fried chicken at Sunday dinner was the most delectable; the view from your front porch the most divine; the sunsets over your river the most magnificent; your mother the sweetest, prettiest, dearest person—doesn't it wear you out? Doesn't it make you wonder whether so much praise can be sincere? You begin to doubt whether she means any of the extravagant things she says. When she leaves for home, telling you she has had "a heavenly time," you feel a little uneasy in your mind. You find yourself questioning: "Did she really have a good time at all?" And the next time you give a house party, unless you

like her awfully well, you hunt around and find an excuse not to invite her.

Another type of guest who makes hostesses uneasy is the helter-skelter one. She is the girl who misses trains—not just now and then, but habitually; the one who arrives late for meals; strews her clothes about the entire house; loses her belongings; borrows her hostess's clothes because she has forgotten to bring what she needs; and finally, at the end of her visit, departs in a mad last-minute dash for the train, only to write her hostess that she seems to have left her tennis racket, her orange sweater, and her toothbrush—and won't she please be a darling and send these things to her posthaste?

Before we make this list any longer, perhaps we ought to look at the other side of the picture. There are thoughtless hostesses, too. Anyone who has gone visiting very often can tell you that. There are hostesses who never give their guests a moment's time to read, or rest, or be alone; hostesses who forget to tell their guests what clothes to bring, and then insist upon loaning them bathing suits, sweaters, shoes, and dresses, that don't fit, and are unbecoming, uncomfortable, and worn out. "Of course you must come with us on a hike to Eagle Rock," such a hostess will declare with cordial emphasis. "You can wear Mother's hiking boots. Come on, and I'll fit you out in a jiffy." All unwillingly the guest, who isn't much of a hiker anyway, sets out in clothes her hostess wouldn't think of wearing herself, with boots that are either too large or too small, absolutely guaranteed in either case to raise blisters, and consequently spoil the rest of the week.

THERE is no disputing the fact that visiting is pleasant, or unpleasant, depending upon the hostess as well as the guest. When each is considerate of the other, there is no more delightful form of entertainment. Knowing the etiquette of visiting helps both sides. So let's get on with our "rules." You will find them easy to learn and remember, for they are based firmly on just one factor: consideration of others.

To begin with, a thoughtful hostess starts her guests off right by making her invitation definite. She might write it something like this:

Dear Jane:

Mother is giving a house party for me the last week-end in January. She and I are both eager to have you as one of our guests. Do say you can come!

We are asking everyone to arrive Friday afternoon, the twenty-sixth, and stay over until Monday morning. (There is a train leaving at seven forty-five that will get you back home in time for classes.)

Daddy has looked up the afternoon trains, too, and says it will be best for you to come down on the one that leaves Brownsville at four-ten. It arrives here a few minutes after five. Mother and I will be at the station to meet you.

We shall probably have skating and tobogganing, so be sure to bring your skates, and ski suit, and boots. Bring an evening dress, too, for we are having a dance at the house on Saturday night.

CARELESS GUESTS WHO DEPART IN A LAST-MINUTE DASH USUALLY LEAVE BELONGINGS TO BE SENT AFTER THEM



My cousin Alice, whom you met at camp last summer, is to be here. So will Ruth and Dorothy Roxbury, the twins from Austin you have heard me talk so much about. I know you are going to like them—and they you.

Mother sends her best wishes to all of you, and asks me to say how much she is looking forward to your visit. You won't let anything happen to prevent your coming, will you? I shall keep my fingers crossed until I hear that you are to be here without fail.

With much love,
BETTY

Now don't you envy Jane! What a thoughtfully worded invitation! How easy for her to plan what to take, when to leave home, when to return. How nice for her to know that Betty's mother and father are taking an interest in her visit.

Some day when you write a similar invitation yourself, remember to put yourself in your guest's place, just as Betty has done, and I am sure your letter will be as satisfactory as hers. Don't forget to mention your mother, and in some way

convey the idea that you are extending the invitation in her name. She is the real hostess, the one who makes most of the arrangements, and upon whom much of the work of entertaining your friends will fall. Your mother needn't write the letter, but it must be perfectly clear that she has had a part in your plans, and that she approves of them.

When an invitation is from a boy to a girl, the rule is a little different. It isn't sufficient for him to write to the girl, saying that his mother would like to have her come to visit at his home. Either the boy's mother herself must write, or his sister may do so. Without an invitation from some woman member of the family, a girl couldn't possibly go to visit a boy in his home.

Having sent an invitation, a hostess has a right to expect a prompt reply. Your answer should be direct and clear cut, either "yes," or "no," never "perhaps"; or at least not "perhaps" for more than a few days. With very dear and very understanding friends, one may ask whether it will be all right to wait a little to see if things can be worked out so that one may accept. But when you don't know your hostess very well, it's better to decline the invitation entirely if you are doubtful about being able to come at the time stated. If you do decline, you must give a reason. It isn't enough to reply that you are sorry you cannot come. You must tell why. And whether you accept or not, you thank your prospective hostess for thinking of you.

It is important, too, to arrive at the time set. Should you miss a train, or be unavoidably delayed *en route*, if possible find some way of sending a wire, or telephone message, explaining your delay and telling when you will arrive.

When you reach the house at which you are to visit, you will be shown to your room at once, either by some member of the family you are visiting, or by a servant. At least this is the procedure if your hostess is mindful of your comfort. She may come in and chat with (Continued on page 30)

Bread Upon the Waters

"The Skipper" was a kindly guardian to the orphaned Lee, but he told her nothing of his secret quest

By KENNETH PAYSON KEMPTON

LEE closed the door softly, and stood listening at the foot of the stairs. Great luck, she thought. He must be at home, and he couldn't have heard her come in, or he would have hailed. It was fun to surprise the Skipper, wonderful fun to hear his delighted, hoarse, "Ahoy, the schooner!" and see his eyes light up as he turned from the window through which he had been peering down the harbor all day. But you couldn't pull it off very often. His ears were too sharp.

She put down her books and lunch box, shook herself out of her coat, gayly straightened her hair. Another care-free week-end. Smiling in triumph, she made a megaphone of her hands, and sent her long hail ringing through the house: "Ahoy, the frigate! Sta-and by to repel boarders!"

There was no answer. The old house on the wharf creaked and shivered, for the east wind was rising as night came on. Under the flooring an unusually high tide slapped the piles with a noise like somebody's chuckles. But that was all.

Then, looking 'round her in the twilit hall, Lee saw the doctor's hat.

She flew up the stairs with terror at her throat. Opening the bedroom door, she heard a new sound, appalling—slow, labored breaths. There was a lamp on the table, half buried in books and charts. In its light the padded chair facing the window sagged empty. Her glance swerved to the bed. Doc Ferry knelt beside it, the tubes of a stethoscope at his ears; his head was bent this way, but he looked at her without appearing to see her. The Skipper lay on his back, making a great mound of the blankets. His gleaming white hair turned the pillow gray. The weather-beaten face, usually so mobile, had gone strangely slack and inert; but his clear blue eyes under their bushy brows were vividly alive, fixed on her hungrily. She saw in them his apology for making trouble, his assurance that this was nothing—and something more. Anxiety, a question? She couldn't rid herself of that impression.

He had heard her hail, but couldn't answer. He wanted to ask her something, but it was too late.

"A slight shock," little Doc Ferry was saying cheerfully, flipping the stethoscope back into his bag. "High blood pressure, of course. . . . Heart doing well. Rest is what he's got to have." He fussed with some medicine. "Take more than this to put you out, Cap'n Ames,"

he said loudly; then added to Lee, out of the corner of his mouth, "Smile, child, smile—take it easy."

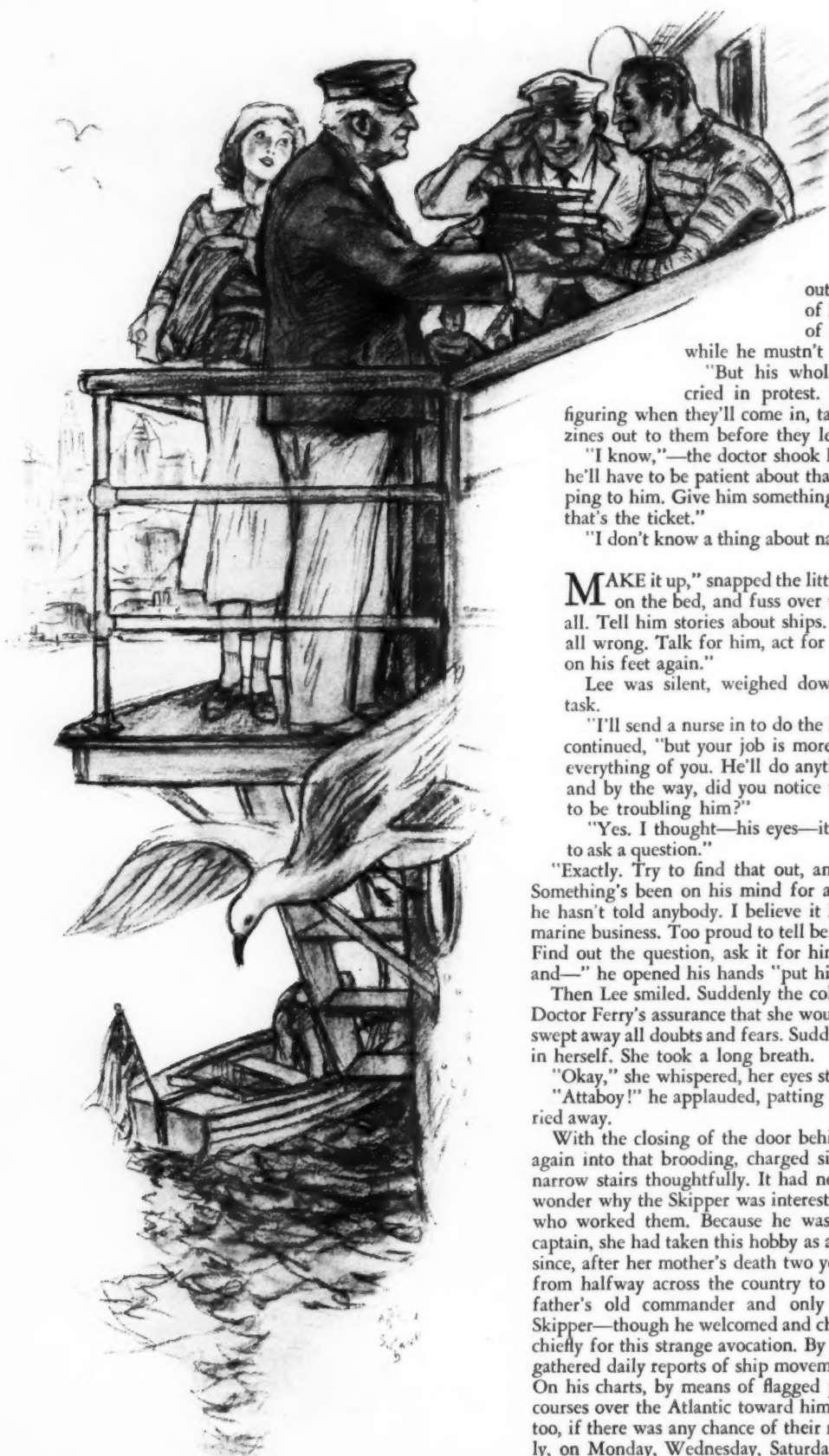
Lee saw the Skipper's eyes go warily from her to the doctor and back, as if they two were conspirators. She stretched her mouth into a smile, smoothed the covers, kissed him lightly on the forehead. His eyes traced every move she made, and followed her to the door. "Be right back," she told him, nodding, still smiling; but within her a voice was calling, over and over: "What'll I do? If he goes, there's nothing left. What'll I do?" She shut off that voice. What right had she, at such a time, to be thinking of herself?

Downstairs Doc Ferry led her into the kitchen and shut the door. "The thing is," he said crisply, "to keep cool. You've never seen this condition before? It's common enough in people his age. Serious, of course. But he'll pull



BACK FROM SCHOOL, LEE SHOUTED GAYLY UPSTAIRS: "AHOY THERE. STA-AND BY TO REPEL BOARDERS"

Illustrations by
Addison Burbank



THE SKIPPER HIMSELF WOULD BOARD EACH VESSEL, AND WOULD DISTRIBUTE HIS GIFTS, HIS EYES BRIGHT WITH A QUESTING LOOK

out of it if we take care of him. He can't use most of his muscles, and for a

while he mustn't try."

"But his whole life is active," Lee cried in protest. "Watching for ships, figuring when they'll come in, taking books and magazines out to them before they leave. He can't—"

"I know,"—the doctor shook his head gravely—"but he'll have to be patient about that. You talk about shipping to him. Give him something else to think about—that's the ticket."

"I don't know a thing about navigation," Lee gasped.

MAKE it up," snapped the little man. "Put his papers on the bed, and fuss over them as if you knew it all. Tell him stories about ships. Never mind if they're all wrong. Talk for him, act for him, till I can get him on his feet again."

Lee was silent, weighed down by this tremendous task.

"I'll send a nurse in to do the hard work," the doctor continued, "but your job is more important. He thinks everything of you. He'll do anything you tell him. Oh, and by the way, did you notice that something seemed to be troubling him?"

"Yes. I thought—his eyes—it was as if they wanted to ask a question."

"Exactly. Try to find that out, and answer it somehow. Something's been on his mind for a long time, something he hasn't told anybody. I believe it has to do with all this marine business. Too proud to tell before, and now he can't. Find out the question, ask it for him, answer it somehow, and—" he opened his hands "put his mind at rest."

Then Lee smiled. Suddenly the colossal odds against her, Doctor Ferry's assurance that she would overcome them, had swept away all doubts and fears. Suddenly she had confidence in herself. She took a long breath.

"Okay," she whispered, her eyes starry.

"Attaboy!" he applauded, patting her shoulder, and scurried away.

With the closing of the door behind him the house fell again into that brooding, charged silence. Lee climbed the narrow stairs thoughtfully. It had never occurred to her to wonder why the Skipper was interested in ships, or the men who worked them. Because he was himself a retired sea captain, she had taken this hobby as a matter of course. Ever since, after her mother's death two years ago, she had come from halfway across the country to the coast, to her dead father's old commander and only surviving friend, the Skipper—though he welcomed and cherished her—had lived chiefly for this strange avocation. By radio and telephone he gathered daily reports of ship movements all over the world. On his charts, by means of flagged pins, he followed their courses over the Atlantic toward him—and away from him, too, if there was any chance of their returning. Thrice weekly, on Monday, Wednesday, Saturday, the launch *Seaman's*

Friend, loaded deep with reading matter, clothes, and games, made a circuit of the water front, and chugged down the roadstead to the anchorage off Quarantine. The Skipper himself would board each vessel, himself distribute his gifts, while his blue eyes shone with the questing light Lee knew so well. Leaving, he would always smile at the thanks and cheers he got, though the smile turned a little grim when nobody was looking, and he would sigh, as if weary, when he had dropped again into the waiting launch. Then on to the next, his eagerness returning, with old Tod Northrup, engineer and crew, grumbling over his throttle. . . . The Skipper seldom ministered to passenger liners; they had their own libraries, he said. It was the stubby, salt-caked freighters, the rusty tankers, and tramps, and fishermen, that he was after; he called them "the ships that God forgot."

LEE reached the head of the stairs, and at the same moment remembered that tomorrow was Saturday. Was that, then, what troubled him—a fear that the launch wouldn't go out? Why should missing one trip, or even two or three, so distress him? Oh, if he could only talk! But he had never been communicative about his affairs.

She could go out with Tod tomorrow, if that was all that worried him.

A gust of wind caught the old house and shook it. Over at the street corner, an elevated train rattled past; then the long, low groan of a ship's siren drifted up the roadstead—somebody calling for tugs.

If that was all. . . . Smiling gamely, Lee entered the room. As soon as she passed the door, those keen blue eyes caught and rested gratefully on her, as if the man's very life depended on keeping her in sight. Her smile didn't waver. She began to talk, quite fast and casually.

"There's a nurse coming, Skipperee. She'll take swell care of you—spoil you, probably, with good things to eat. Doc says you'll be 'round again in no time." She was straightening up the room, bringing books and papers over to the bed, moving the lamp. "Like me to read to you? Here's the evening paper—Arrivals and Departures, eh?" Covertly she was watching him for a sign. "Oh, by the way. Since tomorrow's Saturday, Tod and I'll make the trip, if you like. Is this the list of ships we go to?" She held up a slip of paper carrying a dozen or more names; after one of them, the *Tasmania*, she had noticed a question-mark.

His eyes ran over, and the muscles of his face twitched as he tried to smile. That was it, she thought exultantly! But a little later she was not so sure. She had begun to read the ship news from the evening paper. Looking up, she found his gaze not on her at all, but on the closet door.

"Want something, Skipperee?"

He looked at her, his lips struggling to form words, then back to the door.

"Something in the closet?" She got up and opened the door. The doctor had hung up hastily the clothes the Skipper had been wearing when stricken. She put the blue coat on a hanger. "That it?" No. The eyes were almost frantic with eagerness. Desperately she rummaged the coat pockets, held up the Skipper's wallet. "That?"

An inarticulate sound came from the bed; the eyes had closed.

Her heart was thumping as she brought the wallet over. Maybe what worried him was money, the expense of his illness. She unfolded the wallet, and began to count the bills in its long compartment, but he watched her without a hint of interest. She pushed the bills back, emptied the smaller pockets, and with her eyes on his face went slowly through the contents.

Little yellow clippings. Business cards. A forgotten memorandum. A prescription. A photograph—

Again he made that wordless, low sound. Her fingers stopped. She looked down.

"Oh, the darling!" she said.

It was a picture of a child, a fair-haired, laughing boy of seven or eight years. He stood full-length, sturdy legs spread and arms crossed, in a sailor suit with a boatswain's whistle on its lanyard 'round his neck. The flat hat perched jauntily on his curly head. There he stood braced, with his chin up, with mischief and adventure in his dancing eyes.

"You want this, Skipperee?" (Continued on page 40)



A TALL YOUNG MAN
IN BLUE UNIFORM
WAS UNBUTTONING
HER SODDEN ULSTER

Personal Christmas

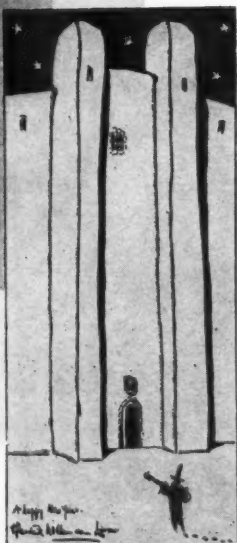
of well-known people, many of the designs made by the senders.



RUTH AND LATROBE CARROLL, OUR POPULAR CONTRIBUTORS, WORK OUT A MODERNISTIC STREET SCENE



THE AUTHOR OF OUR STORIES ABOUT "BUSHY" AND "LOFTY," WITH HER ADOPTED DAUGHTER



FROM THE CELEBRATED AUTHOR AND ARTIST OF "VAN LOON'S GEOGRAPHY"



RUTH KING HARDLY NEEDS AN INTRODUCTION TO OUR READERS



THE DEAN OF THE ADVERTISING PROFESSION AND HIS WIFE SEE A STIRRING SIGHT FROM THEIR CHRISTMAS WINDOW



FROM THE DISTINGUISHED ARCHITECT AND CITY-PLANNING EXPERT, AND HIS EQUALLY DISTINGUISHED WIFE, OF THE FACULTY AT SMITH COLLEGE

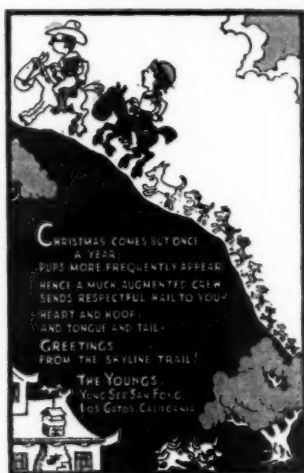
Cards

Why not try a sketch yourself?

The SEASON'S GREETINGS
from JESSIE and



FROM THE WELL-LOVED CREATOR OF
"MR. AND MRS. BEANS" AND "BUSTER"



RANCHING AND WRITING ARE HOBBIES
OF RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL YOUNG



FROM ELEANOR MERCEIN KELLY, POPULAR AUTHOR
OF BOOKS AND STORIES OF THE BASQUE COUNTRY



A Merry Christmas from
TONY SARG

TONY SARG'S CARD, AN ORIGINAL
WATER COLOR, SHOWS THE ENERGY
DISPLAYED BY HIS MARIONETTES



Greetings for 1934—Martha and Robert Desaire

TWO EMINENT SOCIOLOGISTS ARE
MOVED TO DEPICT THE DEPRESSION
WITH THIS GRAPHIC SILHOUETTE



MERRY CHRISTMAS
FROM
MARY SARG

MARY SARG (WHO
IS THE DAUGHTER
OF THE ARTIST)
MADE THIS CARD
WHEN SHE WAS
TEN YEARS OLD.
SHE IS NOW A
PAINTER HERSELF



GREETINGS
from BERTA and
ELMER HADER

THIS IS NOT A
CIRCUS PARADE—
IT'S THE HADERS,
ILLUSTRATORS OF
CHILDREN'S BOOKS,
RIDING ON TOP OF
THE WORLD TO
WISH A HEARTY
MERRY CHRISTMAS
TO THEIR FRIENDS



Courtesy of RKO

ONLY A TINY
TRACK IN THE
SNOW MARKED
THE TRAIL
WHICH LED ON
TO THE POST

Youth Goes North

Wouldn't you enjoy riding in a dog-sled on your next vacation?

By
**ANNE
FRANCES
HODGKINS**

THE long train pulled slowly away from the snow-covered station at Timagami, northern Ontario, leaving a solitary, fur-wrapped passenger standing on the icy platform. That solitary passenger was myself, and I stood transfixed at the beauty that surrounded me. To the north, south, east, and west, the hills, covered several feet deep with snow, rose in majestic splendor. In the foreground, out of feathery white mounds, a few dwellings reared their chimneys, from which the smoke rose straight to the clear blue sky. Silence, deep as night, covered the entire peaceful, snow-bound scene. Then I realized that my dream of long years had become a reality. I had arrived at last in the Frozen North!

No guide was on hand to greet me. "Probably my telegram was not delivered," I thought, and I wondered carelessly which of the covered mounds I should approach, if meal time came and no one had come for me. For a long while I surveyed the beauty around me, and then set out to explore one of the trails. It led me toward a lake, an unbroken sheet of ice seventeen miles in length. Presently I approached a house which looked inhabited, and saw the man of the house entering, his arms piled high with great pieces of birch wood. He seemed surprised to see a stranger, but he gave me a cheery good morning. As I neared the lake, I saw a long streak of black approaching. It was the Hudson Bay dog team coming for me. I hurried back to the station, as the dogs raced up the hill.

The half-breed driver, Jean Obotossoway, gathered the mail (which came in once a week), the provisions for the Post, my duffle bag and me, into the tiny dog sleigh. I had occasionally seen pictures in magazines of sleighs all covered with bear skins. This one had none. To my query, Jean replied, "They are heavy and unnecessary. This tarpaulin

will keep you warm." I was tucked into the small seat, the canvas wrapped around me, and, with a call to his dogs to "mush," he started them off on our twenty mile ride up the lake.

Only a tiny track in the snow marked the trail. It was frozen solid from the winter's travel, and on either side the soft snow provided an opportunity for upset, whenever the dogs missed the track. It was a glorious ride. The dogs ran with a slow, easy trot, and the small sleigh moved noiselessly. Whenever they tired, Jean ran ahead and encouraged them. I marveled at the endurance of the guide. Mile after mile he ran, with never a pause, and no evident exertion.

THE dogs were an interesting collection of many different breeds. The best sled dog was a Great Dane; next to him was a mongrel, a collie-and-husky combination; then two full blood huskies, one, a baby of nine months, so cunning and attractive that I found it difficult to resist patting him frequently. He had gone a long way for a puppy and occasionally, when he was too weary to keep up with the older dogs, he would sit down on his haunches and let the others drag him as well as the sleigh. When I became cold, I would change places with the guide and run behind the sleigh. Did you ever try running in deep snow, when you were wearing a raccoon coat? Three minutes were sufficient to raise such a perspiration that a coat seemed unnecessary, even though the temperature was at five below zero.

Only once did the dogs leave the trail. As we neared a point of land, they smelled a deer and turned sharply to the right. The guide was behind and, before he could catch the team, the sleigh, mail bag, supplies, and I were floundering in the deep snow. The team was halted, the passenger

and baggage replaced, and, after a brief but effective scolding, the dogs resumed the journey.

One part of the trail led through a deep forest which, even in early afternoon, was dark with shadows. The guide encouraged my fears by telling me stories of wolves, and showed me the spot where, some time before, a priest had been attacked and killed. Every queer-shaped tree and bush seemed ready to spring at us. After slipping and sliding around curves, walking up steep inclines, and going at break-neck speed down icy hills, we finally emerged again upon the lake and, in a few minutes, arrived at the wharf where my English friend and her Indian charges, a boy of eleven and a girl of eight, were awaiting our arrival. It was a grand welcome I received, the only visitor in three long months!

My friend, Mrs. Weir, is an English woman who went North to live with the Indians in order to study their ways, and to collect legends, songs, and dances for the Royal Anthropological Society in London. She had become so interested in the Ojibways that instead of staying one year, as at first she intended, she had already remained six at the time of my visit. The only white woman among one hundred and fifty Indians, she had gradually become prophet, priest, doctor, and general adviser. When a cow fell through the ice, it was to her the anxious Indian came for help; and when it was necessary for the tribe to protest against the white

man's game laws, it was she who wrote the letter to the Great Father in Ottawa.

The Ojibway family with whom I stayed were the most outstanding in the tribe. The family had come originally from James Bay. The father, mother, and eleven children had made a long trek southward in the dead of winter and, after a two-hundred-mile journey, had come to rest on a beautiful, high promontory overlooking the entire Timagami section. Here they had established a home. The original log cabin is still standing and, from its size, one wonders how the thirteen members of the family ever slept in it at the same time. As the family prospered, a large house was built with many of the comforts of civilization. The family consisted of a father, mother, an uncle—Big Jim he was called—a boy, and a girl, and a little girl-cousin whose parents were dead. It was a most congenial group. I had heard of the devotion of Indian parents to their children, and I certainly saw every sign of it here. There was an entire absence of family quarreling, disputes, and friction. The voices were soft and pleasant when they spoke, which was but seldom. One reason, I suspect, why Indian homes are so happy is because members of the family only talk when there is something worth while to say.

BIG Jim was an old-time Indian. Among the members of the family, it was he who lived closest to nature, whose friends were the wild animals, the trees, and the things of the outdoor world. His pet was a white rat, the cleanest little pink-eyed creature, that lived in a box in the corner of the living room. At night, when we sat around the fire listening to Big Jim tell stories of the hunt, or old Ojibway legends, the white rat would come out of his box, run up Big Jim's leggins, and nestle in the curve of his neck. Not even the dogs—and all of them spent much time in front of the fire—disturbed or annoyed the white rat.

The children were interesting. Cecile was an ardent reader and, at eight (*Continued on page 44*)



All snow and husky photographs are by courtesy of Canadian National Railways

THE TRIP HOME WAS SHEER BEAUTY. THE SUN WAS SETTING AND THE MILES OF SNOW WERE CHANGED INTO A FLAMING CARPET



All Ready for Ch



Ruth Nichols Photo

THIS YULE LOG WILL SOON BE SPARKING AND SPUTTERING FOR A TROOP OF GIRL SCOUTS



CALICO ELEPHANTS, RABBITS, AND CATS, ALL READY FOR HUNDREDS OF EMPTY LITTLE ARMS TO CUDDLE



"OUR CHALET" IN ITS WINTER SETTING. WHICH OF YOU WILL BE THERE WHEN THE ALPS ARE BRIGHT WITH SPRINGFLOWERS?



TROOP 37 OF THE GIRL SCOUTS IN SCHENECTADY, NEW YORK SANG CAROLS TO MANY CITIZENS, WHO REWARDED THEM WITH CAKES AND STEAMING COCOA



ONE GIRL SCOUT WITH AN ARMFUL OF TOYS EQUALS TEN GRAND CHRISTMASSES—A SIMPLE SUM IN ARITHMETIC UNDERSTOOD BY ALL GIRL SCOUT TROOPS

Christmas!

Outdoors and indoors, in our homes, in our hearts, ready for the season of happiness



TROOP 30 OF SIOUX CITY, IOWA ADDS ITS CONTRIBUTION TO A PILE OF BABY GARMENTS



"WITHOUT THE DOOR LET SORROW LIE, AND IF FOR COLD IT HAP TO DIE, WE'LL BURY IT IN A CHRISTMAS PIE," SING THE CAROLERS OF ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA



THE HILLS, TOO, HAVE NEW CLOTHES FOR CHRISTMAS, AND THERE ARE VERY FEW GARMENTS THAT CAN EQUAL IN BEAUTY THE SILVERY MANTLE OF THE FIRST SNOW



Ruth Nichols Photo

THESE DOLLIES WILL SOON BE DRESSED WARMLY ENOUGH TO FACE A SLEIGH RIDE WITH SANTA



Photo by Ch. Dubost, Montana, Switzerland; Courtesy of the Swiss Federal Railroads

★ Peace on Earth, Good



A MOVIE MATINÉE, AT WHICH ADMISSION WAS BY TOY, PRODUCED THREE THOUSAND TOYS FOR THE GIRL SCOUT TROOPS OF MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA TO DISTRIBUTE



UNDER THE SPONSORSHIP OF THE FEDERATED MUSIC CLUBS, GIRL SCOUT TROOPS SANG CAROLS THROUGHOUT THE CITY OF MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA AT CHRISTMAS TIME LAST YEAR

THIS DOLL-HOUSE WAS BUILT, PAPERED, AND PAINTED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS OF SCARSDALE, NEW YORK FOR CHILDREN IN THE NEARBY ORTHOPEDIC HOSPITAL



OUR STAR REPORTER

Don't forget that the best news report on Girl Scout activities is published in this space each month. The writer, who is the Star Reporter of the month, receives a book as an award. For the Star Reporter's Box, your story should contain no less than two hundred words, no more than three hundred. It should answer the questions: What was the event? When did it happen? Who took part? What made it interesting?

PATRICIA HUBBELL of Troop One, Elgin, Illinois has the honor of being named Star Reporter for December. Patricia writes:

"'Playing Santa,' as the Elgin Girl Scouts and Council members played it, proved unusually successful. Our method was to establish a Toy Shop in our Girl Scout office where, during the last year, second-hand toys were collected and, with a few whisks of a paintbrush, were made to look like new. At intervals during the week, Girl Scouts would go down to the Toy Shop, to paint, and to put things in order for the grand opening which was to come about a week before Christmas.

"At the 'Grand Opening,' the office was crowded with parents of less fortunate children who, with a permission blank from the principal of the school which their children attended, were privileged to select any toy or toys in the shop for their children's Christmas. Our office was in a regular hubbub. Council members and leaders acted as clerks, and were busy clerks at that.

"The number of families supplied with toys is as follows: eighty-six, through the Elgin schools; twenty, through the American Legion; five, through the Elgin Health Center and Day Nursery; and four, through individuals.

"This gives a total of one hundred and fifteen families who were well provided with Christmas gifts for their children last year, through this worth while project. In the families mentioned above, three hundred and ninety children were made happy with toys from the shop. Thirty toys were sent to the Day Nursery, and forty-five to the Y. W. C. A.

"This year's Toy Shop is already under way, and we hope we will be able to make even more children happy this Christmas."

Hunting the Yule Log

NORWALK, CONNECTICUT: It was a bitter cold day in December, and the snow which had fallen the day before glistened in the morning sun. At last the day had come for the annual Yule Log Hunt of the Norwalk, Connecticut Girl Scouts. Due to a heavy snowfall the day previous, I had my doubts as to whether the hunt would be held. However, I was not to be disappointed. Our Scout Director's car came into view, bringing Mrs. Shearwood and another Girl Scout, all prepared to lay the trail, before the rest of the girls should arrive. Mrs. Shearwood had chosen us girls to aid her in laying the trail.

This year each troop was to have an individual Yule Log, and its own troop symbol to follow. Because of the weather our leader said she had changed the plans. Instead of laying the trail in the woods, we were told to hold the hunt on the "Green," one of our small parks. Such fun we had planning the trail, and hiding the Yule Log! Even if Jack Frost did nip our noses and fingers, he didn't worry us. Girl Scouts are not easily discouraged.

Soon the others came and started their hunt for the hidden logs, stopping long enough to learn interesting facts about the trees along the way. By the time the logs were discovered, we were ready and anxious for our lunch which Mrs. Shearwood kindly offered to serve in her home.

In front of the glowing fireplace our sandwiches and cocoa soon disappeared, and then we were ready for more action. After playing indoor games for a while, we bundled up once more for fun in the snow. With skis and sleds, we were all set, and soon the hill rang with our laughter and calls. Winter is such fun, but the days are too short. It seemed no time at all before dusk came and we had to start homeward, with one more memory to treasure of a jolly time with the Girl Scouts.

Troop 3

MARION J. SMITH

Will Toward Men



Girl Scouts prepare a happy celebration for their friends and for the whole community

A Doll-House

SCARSDALE, NEW YORK: Last September, Troop Five of Scarsdale decided to make a doll-house for the White Plains Branch of the New York Orthopedic Hospital.

We were well prepared to do this, for our meetings were held in a cellar which had all the tools and work-benches we wished; our treasury contained sufficient funds for our undertaking; and a good carpenter agreed to help us.

Three busy months followed. All the girls who weren't Second Class sewed the curtains and bedspreads; those who wished Craftsman badges made rugs and decorated furniture; while six handywomen hammered, glued, sawed, and finally completed most of the furniture.

It sounds expensive, but it wasn't—for all our paint, wood, brushes, glue, and cloth cost about six dollars. However, we could not make everything, so the Second Class girls went to a toy store, and bought the dishes, food, family, piano, and a few other things we felt we *had* to have for the house.

The day for the presentation finally arrived. We drove to the hospital and, with several songs, presented our house to the delighted girls.

Troop 5 SARAH CLAPP ALEXANDER

A Christmas Hike

UNIONTOWN, OHIO: This Christmas our Girl Scout troop decided to send a box of clothing to a Church Mission to be distributed among needy children, and we also packed a box and gave it to the neediest family in our community. Our friends helped by contributing eggs, jelly, fruit, etc., and each girl brought something.

Our troop had a Merry Christmas together, for the Christmas party, which was held at one of the patrol leaders' houses, found every girl present, and with a gift. Games were played, and the girls planned and served their own refreshments.

During Christmas week the troop decided to join with the Boy Scouts in a hike and, at some convenient spot, cook a meal in the open. This we did—and such a jolly time! The day was ideal, and we took a three-mile hike out into the country. By a wooded lot we made our fires, and cooked. Each had brought his own food, but as some had more than others, a lot of dividing and sharing was done. Afterwards we played circle games. When the sun was going down we sang "Taps," and started home. We had had a perfect day.

Troop 1

FRANCES KARNS



SOME OF THE TOYS COLLECTED AT GIRL SCOUT HEADQUARTERS, ELGIN, ILLINOIS TO MAKE MORE AND MERRIER CHRISTMASSES



GIRL SCOUTS, IN THE LIVING ROOM OF THE NATIONAL "LITTLE HOUSE," WASHINGTON, D. C. PREPARE FOR HAPPY FESTIVITIES



GIRL SCOUTS OF LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY HELP TO DISTRIBUTE CHRISTMAS SEALS

FAMOUS LEADERS



HARRIET BEECHER STOWE'S world-famous novel, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, did more than any other single factor to effect the abolition of slavery in the United States. Harriet Beecher Stowe is known today everywhere where the cause of humanity is recognized.



EACH and every Proficiency Badge you win attests your qualifications as a leader. ★ And as you earn your honors, signify them in the most telling way—with a Lion Bros. Co. perfectly embroidered emblem. Sold only through Girl Scout Headquarters, New York.

LION BROS. CO., INC.

World's Largest Emblem Manufacturers
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

Girls!...



LEARN *Beadcraft*

MAKE YOUR OWN BEADED NECKLACES, BAGS, BELTS

You'll marvel at how easy it is to master this age-old craft of primitive Indian tribes. It's a fascinating pastime... one that it will pay you well to learn. More interesting than crocheting, or knitting.

Many Girls' Clubs now hold beadcraft contests for which valuable prizes are given as awards to the most skillful "Beadcrafters". The complete outfit, including a self-threading bead box, quaint old Mayan and other Indian designs, knock-down handloom, needles, and a generous supply of beads, etc. is packed in an attractive miniature redwood chest. Price only \$2.50. **SEND NO MONEY.** Simply pay postman on delivery. Address:

ELLIOT, GREENE & CO., INC.
15 West 37th St. (Dept. B) New York, N. Y.

30 Days Trial!

NOW you can ride a genuine Mead bicycle 30 days without "buying for keeps." Return it at our expense if not satisfied. Write quick for **FREE** color Catalog, marvelous new prices, special offers. **SAVE 1/3** buying direct from **MEAD!**

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Mead's bestial bike only \$10.95—hangars a few dollars more. America's finest quality bicycles at rock-bottom prices.

Rider Agents Wanted

Ride and exhibit sample of our new Balloon-Tire **RANGER**, and make money. Opportunity of lifetime. Special Offers on our entire line of quality bicycles—so hurry! Send no money—write.

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FREE!
Great new Color Catalog sent **FREE!** (Hurry!)

Guests Who Are Asked Again

(Continued from page 18)

you a few minutes, and then leave you to wash up, unpack, and perhaps change into something suitable for whatever is next on the program. In summer, upon arrival at country places, guests usually change as soon as possible from their dark travel clothes to light-colored sports clothes. In winter one is less likely to change immediately unless the hostess suggests going out for some outdoor sport, or tells you that everyone is dressing for dinner, and that you'll just have time to change before coming downstairs.

In planning your entertainment, no doubt your hostess has tried to remember your personal preferences. If you have come a long distance and are tired, she will not be likely to ask you to put on formal clothes, and sally forth immediately upon a strenuous program of meeting a lot of new people. Instead she will save your first evening for a leisurely talk, and a chance to catch up on what you have both been doing since you last met. Possibly you will have so many things to tell each other that, before you know it, the hours will have flown and, with one accord, you will both glance at the clock to find that it is long past bedtime. Or perhaps someone will call downstairs to you and say: "Girls, it's way past twelve. You'd better go to bed now, and finish your talk tomorrow."

Strictly speaking, it is your hostess's responsibility to be the first to suggest that it is time to go to bed. She should be observing enough to notice that a guest is beginning to look tired or sleepy. Should she fail to do so, however, or should she appear to be waiting for you, her guest, to make the first move, there is nothing seriously wrong in your saying: "Betty, if I am not to be an awful sleephead in the morning, I am afraid I'll have to tear myself away from this grand discussion, and say good-night to you now."

BEFORE you go to bed on that first evening, be sure to find out what time breakfast is served. Your hostess may tell you without your asking. If she doesn't, it is sensible and proper to inquire. She may suggest sending a tray up to your room. Don't raise objections, if she does. Say that having breakfast in your room will be a lovely treat—even though you may really prefer to come down and eat with the family. The fact that she suggests a tray indicates, possibly, that her mother finds it easier to have her guests served in their rooms than to have them around in the midst of the busy morning whirl of getting the family off to school and business.

When you are visiting in a house in which there are no servants, or only one, you must take care of your own room. Make your bed as neatly as you know how. Keep your clothes hung up, and your dressing table spick and span. Offer to help your hostess with the dishes, or with any work that you can do well. There is no use offering to help with work about which you have to ask so many questions that it takes your hostess longer to answer them than to do the job herself.

If you have clothes that need pressing, wait until the dishes are washed and the household tasks well under way before you speak about borrowing an iron and ironing

board. In a large household with plenty of servants to do the work, your hostess will arrange for one of them to do your pressing. No matter how many servants there are, however, you mustn't ask any of them to do personal things for you. Consult your hostess about your needs and she will give the instructions.

It is never advisable to prolong your visit beyond the time mentioned in your invitation. Look up trains well in advance, and set a definite time for your departure. You may be urged to remain longer. In fact, your hostess may be insistent upon your staying over for some special event. It is best to be firm, however, and to leave according to your original schedule, even though your hostess is disconsolate at your going. Should you let her persuade you, have it clearly understood that you are staying on for that event only. To remain on from day to day, with no special time set for your departure, is very poor taste indeed.

THERE are times when it is tactful to go home earlier than at the time specified. Suppose, for instance, that you have been invited to spend a week at the home of a friend. Her mother has planned some parties for you, and you are in the midst of a lovely visit when her father suddenly becomes very ill. Even though the girl's mother may assure you that she wants you to remain, it is easy to see that things will be less difficult for her if she has only her family to think of. Tell her how sorry you are, thank her for the happy visit you have already had with her, and explain that you are going home now because you feel that any visitor is an added burden when there is sickness in a home.

Many pleasant visits are spoiled right at the end because guests wait until the latest possible minute before they start to pack and get ready for the train. Plan ahead a little, and save time enough so that you won't forget any of your belongings in that last grand rush. If you are taking an early morning train, you should have most of your packing done before you go to bed. That will give you time for your good-bys and for a leisurely ride to the station.

Some day, when you are a house guest, you may have the painful experience of being forced to listen to a family quarrel. Should this happen to you, I hope you won't let anyone persuade you to take sides. You may be asked point-blank: "Mary, don't you agree with me in this?" Perhaps you do agree most heartily, but you mustn't show it. Just smile and say: "I'm strictly neutral. Perhaps you are both right," or some other good-natured but non-committal rejoinder. Pick up a book and, if you cannot read, at least pretend to do so; and in so far as possible try not to notice the angry words that are being spoken.

When you go home again, remember that you are in duty bound not to gossip about the family you have visited. You mustn't say to anyone: "It was terrible; Ruth's father and mother quarreled all the time, and said the most dreadful things to each other. So did Ruth and her brother." All these statements may be true. Your visit may have been a nightmare. But as one who has accepted the hospitality of Ruth's home, you must not tell tales (Continued on page 33)

GIRL SCOUTS! BROTHERS, TOO! MOTHERS!

\$12,000⁰⁰ in Cash Prizes!

Free!

IN THIS EASY LETTER WRITING CONTEST FOR ALL GIRLS AND BOYS
"WHY BREAD IS GOOD TO EAT 4 TIMES A DAY"

2586
PRIZES
1ST GROUP

5172
PRIZES

2586
PRIZES
2ND GROUP

1293 PRIZES

For Girls and Boys Up Thru 8th Grade

1293 DUPLICATE PRIZES
for Mothers of Winners**Girls! Boys! Here's All You Do**

JUST write a short letter of 200 words or less, on "Why Bread Is Good to Eat 4 Times a Day". That's all you do! Just write a short letter. Something you do often. It's as simple as ABC. And only girls and boys around your own age are entering this contest. *Nothing to buy.* Just send in your letter as directed below.

Be Sure To Include This Reason

To win a big cash prize, be sure to mention this reason in your letter (say it in your own words): *Bread is our outstanding energy food.* Bread, as your doctor will tell you, is an excellent source of energy—energy that we all need for work and play. In fact, the largest task of the food we eat is to supply energy. Experts say bread can well make up as much as 25% to 40% of all the energy food we eat.

Many Other Reasons—Ask Your Baker

Here's how to find the other important reasons why bread is good to eat 4 times a day. Just go to your baker's, or the grocery where your mother buys her bread—and ask for a free copy of the printed scientific facts about the food value of bread.

This printed matter is as easy to read as a story—just plain, simple, everyday facts that tell you exactly what to put in your letter. Read this information through carefully. Talk it over with your parents, your captain, your teacher.

Ask your Baker
or your Grocer
TODAY about
this easy-to-win
contest

LIST OF PRIZES

Same prizes given in both groups.
Mothers of winning girls and boys
receive duplicate prizes.

FIRST PRIZE \$500
SECOND PRIZE 200
THIRD PRIZE 100

5 PRIZES (4th thru 8th) \$25 each
10 PRIZES (9th thru 18th) 10 each
100 PRIZES (19th thru 118th) 5 each
300 PRIZES (119th thru 418th) 2 each
575 PRIZES (419th thru 1293rd) 1 each

Complete list of winners, and prizes, will be mailed anyone who requests it.

PURPOSE OF CONTEST

To insure that the young people of America, and their parents, know the truth about bread, our outstanding energy food, and the important part played by bread, and other delicious, wholesome, baked wheat products, in the sound diet—the scientific facts as accepted by leading authorities on nutrition.

Nothing to Buy—Just Write a Letter

Here's how you might start your letter: "For everything I do, I need energy. For walking to school, getting my lessons, playing outdoors, even sleeping, I need energy. Bread gives energy abundantly. Therefore, it is an important part of my meals. And nothing tastes so good when I'm hungry."

In picking out the winners, the judges will give no advantage to "flowery" wordings. Prizes will be awarded for the letters that give the best reasons and explain in the most interesting way "Why Bread Is Good To Eat 4 Times a Day".

Remember, if you win, you win a cash prize for your mother, too! Get the printed helps, and a handy entry blank, today, at your baker's or grocer's. And start right away on your letter! Contest closes at midnight, Monday, December 10. Don't think your letter won't be good enough. It may easily win a big prize. So SEND IT IN! General Mills, Inc., Minneapolis.

**Mail Letter Before Midnight,
Monday, December 10, 1934.**

1293 PRIZES

For High School Students in 9th Thru 12th Grade

1293 DUPLICATE PRIZES
for Mothers of Winners**RULES**

1. Read about contest on this page—also the printed helps at your baker's or the grocery where your mother buys her bread.
 2. Write a letter on "Why Bread Is Good to Eat 4 Times a Day" on the entry blank, or any piece of paper. Write plainly, or type (200 words or less). Sign your name, address, school, and grade—and have your mother or guardian also sign her name. All grade and high school students may enter.
 3. Mail letter to "Bread Energy for Vitality" Judges, 3. Minneapolis, Minnesota, on or before midnight Monday, December 10, 1934. Decision of judges in matters pertaining to contest is to be considered final by contestants.
 4. Only one letter may be entered by any one person.
 5. Letter must be composed and written by the girl or boy who signs the letter.
 6. No letters can be returned. Prize winners hereby permit use of their letters, and names and addresses, in radio and printed advertising, by sponsors of contest.
- Winners will be notified by mail as soon as possible after contest closes. No paragraph on this page, or on any of the official printed helps offered by bakers or grocers, may be used, word for word, in any letter (unless that paragraph is only one or two sentences long, and has been included in a longer paragraph).

Every statement about bread on this page, and in the official contest information offered by bakers and grocers, has been accepted by such noted nutrition authorities as Professor Lafayette B. Mendel and Professor E. V. McCollum. Also by the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association.



Bread ENERGY FOR Vitality!



IN STEP WITH THE TIMES

By Latrobe Carroll

MENDING BROKEN LIVES

Many American towns have been watching an experiment in redemption conducted not far from New York City. It's the first venture of its kind and has, as its object, the making over of so-called down-and-outers.

About sixty-five miles north of New York lies Camp Greycourt, the scene of the venture. It is a three-hundred-and-twenty-five-acre farm. Opened last May, it was designed to give work to part of the Municipal Lodging House's nightly influx of some three thousand men. According to the plan, about



two hundred were to be sent to the land at first, and, later, about seven hundred and fifty. These were to be men who, at the Lodging House, had already proved their willingness to work by doing various jobs.

Doubters threw cold water on the scheme, but it has proved a triumphant success. All through the spring, summer, and early autumn, the rehabilitated "bread-liners" were enthusiastic farmers. Backs, bent by discouragement, straightened. Pallid, flabby skins turned to hard bronze.

Forgotten men felt forgotten no longer.

A HIGHWAY TO PROGRESS

Ever since the New Deal began to show that it had teeth in it, its enemies have been saying: "Just wait till the United States Supreme Court passes on some of these measures! It may declare them unconstitutional."

Lawsuits involving certain aspects of the New Deal have taken a long time to sift up, through the lower courts, to the nation's highest legal tribunal. But by June, the world will know whether Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes, and his eight associates, have decided to knock the props from under much new legislation. Fundamental issues, such as the question of whether or not the Government kept within the Constitution in seizing gold, are up for a verdict.

Most close observers believe that the Court's decisions will favor the New Deal. A majority of the nine judges, they believe, will hold that the Constitution is a highway, not a barrier, to progress.

FOOTBALL FOR LOVE—OR MONEY

If you want to start a discussion among football fans, just flip this question into a gathering: "What do you think about professional football?"

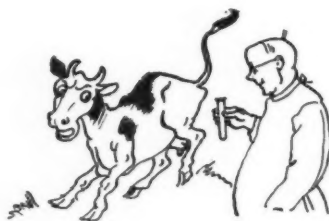
It's a thorny, debatable subject. Those in favor of the professional game point out that it's gaining in favor. During last year's season, attendance at college games increased only fifteen per cent; at professional games, fifty per cent. Also, rooters for the non-amateur sport say it's faster and more varied. Lastly, they remind us, tickets for professional games cost much less than those for college games.

Others reply that football, of all games, needs the eager flame of college spirit. Hired players, they insist, never fling their whole hearts into the fray.

FACTS THAT READ LIKE FICTION

Narratives based on imaginary scientific marvels have pretty much gone out of fashion—probably because authentic science keeps on turning up truths more fantastic than fiction. Here are a few of the strange findings scientists have recently made:

Certain flowers sometimes develop a



fever! So Professor Blaringhem, a botanist, has stated in a report to the French Academy of Sciences. At budding time, the temperatures of some of them run several degrees above that of the surrounding air. This is said to be true, especially, of sweet peas.

The Smithsonian Institution, of Washington, D. C. has announced that certain blue stars are constantly sending out "death rays." These rays would destroy all life on our planet if a layer of ozone, in the upper air, did not obligingly filter them out.

Experiments at the Harvard Medical School have proved that we're all, in a sense, dynamos. Our brains are charged with electricity, and give off electrical surges which, when prodigiously amplified, can actually be heard.

Henry Ford has let it be known that experiments in the making of synthetic milk,

now going on in his laboratory, are proving successful. The new milk is said to be clean, cheap, and healthful. It's a good thing cows don't follow the news, or they'd be feeling low in their minds.

Science's next step? Why, of course, to produce synthetic cows which can produce synthetic milk!

WHAT'S OUR HURRY?

The world, now so torn by dissensions, is strangely at one in its interest in speed records. The person who has moved through space faster than any other man—"crazy-boy" Francesco Agello—has gained wide



publicity. Recently, at Desenzano, Italy, he achieved a speed of four hundred and forty miles an hour, in his "mystery plane." We have seen how the Union Pacific's streamlined train cut the time between Los Angeles and New York by fourteen and one-half hours. Scott and Black "lived years" in the agony of winning the London-Australia race in seventy-one hours. Postmaster General James A. Farley looks forward to the imminent spanning of the Atlantic and Pacific by air lines running on a regular schedule.

Our world, therefore, through our utmost efforts, is growing smaller year by year. Much time is saved, much space annihilated. But many people are asking: "What's the good of speeding life up?" They believe we're merely wasting our energies unless we, as individuals, can find good uses for the time thus saved; and unless nations can discover a better way to treat neighbors, thus brought close, than by building up tariffs and trade embargoes.

THERE'S REST IN RESTLESS SLEEP

Within the last eight years doctors and investigators have put in a lot of time studying sleep.

In their search, the old idea that, in healthful sleep, the sleeper must be motionless has gone into the discard. It now appears that an average sleeper shifts his position anywhere from thirty-five to eighty times during an eight-hour slumber. Such shifts help to rest, successively, set after set of muscles. Hence it follows that a bed wide enough to allow free movement is best.

Guests Who Are Asked Again

(Continued from page 30)

about her home life. However, in the event that you receive an invitation to visit Ruth again sometime, you can and should manage to be busy and unable to accept.

As soon as you arrive home after a visit, you write a "bread and butter letter"—that is, a note of thanks to your hostess for the pleasant time you have had in her home, and for all the kind and thoughtful things she did for you while you were there. You must write this letter immediately, within a day or two at the most. It is exceedingly rude to delay.

For a brief week-end at the country place of friends from town, instead of writing a note, if you prefer you may telephone the next day to say again how much you enjoyed the visit.

It is not necessary to bring, or send, a gift to your hostess, but it is a pleasant custom to follow now and then. A box of candy, or of salted nuts; a book, or some unusual delicacy for the table, such as a jar of marmalade, or a package of delicious cookies which you have made yourself, or have found at your grocer's—any of these are pretty sure to find a warm welcome with a busy hostess.

ANOTHER way to please your hostess is to do your part conversationally. Take time to talk with the other guests, and with the various members of the family. Have something pleasant to say to everyone in the household, whether it be a grandmother who is hard of hearing and whom you are tempted to pass by with a brief "good morning," or a small child who would love to show you her dolls if you would notice her. Watch out for guests who are shy, and who aren't taking part in the conversation. Lend a hand to your hostess by trying to draw out these quiet ones, and by helping her bring them into whatever discussions may be going on.

Take part as far as possible in whatever sports and games are played. But don't hold up the games by trying to do things you just can't do. Don't go on a skating party, for instance, if you've never been able to stand up on skates. You won't look a bit pretty shivering around the edge of the pond while the others are bright-eyed and pink-cheeked from exercise. Your hostess will be worrying about you, realizing that you cannot be having a good time. Meanwhile you will be getting a red nose, and possibly a cold in the head—all for no good reason. Instead, when plans for a skating party are under way (and you know you can add nothing by your presence) say to your hostess: "Won't you please let me remain at home with this book I've been wanting to read? There is nothing I would enjoy so much as to sit here in this comfortable chair and read for a while." Almost any hostess will see the reasonableness of such a request. And if you really look happy and contented curled up in a big chair with your book, she will go off with the others and have no pangs about leaving you behind.

Sometimes it is a great relief to your hostess if occasionally you go for a walk, or a bit of shopping, or sight-seeing, without her. She may also be glad to have you make dates with (Continued on page 35)

"Say...no wonder so many folks want CORONAS!"



CORONA SILENT(Above). Peer of portables made silent! Standard, trouble-free. Interchangeable platen. \$64.50

"GOODNESS ME, here are these clever Corona people making a *silent* portable. It hardly makes a sound! And, my galloping reindeers, that famous floating Smith-shift and that grand velvety piano-key action. All for \$64.50! . . .

"And if a family doesn't care about the silent feature, I can give them all the other fixings in the Corona Sterling for \$60. That same floating Smith-shift. And all the other de luxe things!

"But a lot of folks are going to want a \$60 machine for \$45. Many a Corona Four have I delivered for \$60 in years gone by. And now it's all moderned up and it's only \$45, and it has everything, and by that I mean *everything*!

"But some folks want an 'in-between' machine that kids can bang on, that father can peck-and-hunt on, that sister can do her professional touch stuff on. And that's the Junior, for \$33.50.

"And here's that grand old Corona

Three that made my reputation as a portable typewriter gift-giver. Some say it's a three bank machine and I say *what of it!* 600,000 people know it and use it and you can't beat that. And look what it has—lightest weight, two-color ribbon, back spacer, capitals, small letters—and *fame!*

"Five Coronas to choose from . . .! And easy payments. Well, maybe that explains that cloudburst of coupons I got up North" . . . Coupon? Here!

L C SMITH & CORONA TYPEWRITERS INC
731 E. Washington St., Syracuse, New York.
Gentlemen: Please send us literature about the Silent Corona and the entire line.

Name _____

Address _____



CORONA STERLING.
Peer of portables. Interchangeable platen. Floating Smith-shift. \$60.00

CORONA FOUR.
Originally \$60.00. Fully equipped. Individual touch adjustment. \$45.00

CORONA JUNIOR.
Grand "in-between buy." Capitals and small letters; ball-bearings. \$33.50

CORONA THREE.
600,000 sold at \$50. Lightest portable. Does full-sized job. \$24.50

(All prices subject to revision.)



BOOKS for your Christmas list piled high around me—gay books and exciting books, and very beautiful ones. Books for your brothers, and sisters, and friends, both little and big. These books are so alluring that I am going to tell you about as many as I possibly can—and don't forget that our November book page was a Christmas list, too!

"I Am a Christmas Present"

Some books seem especially to say, "I am a Christmas Present," the minute you see them. Such a one is *A First Bible* (Oxford), with the Bible stories boys and girls especially like, in the King James version, selected by Jean West Maury, and illustrated by Helen Sewell. Reverently and beautifully, Miss Sewell has made pictures for these stories. This is a book to cherish.

Helen Sewell has also beautifully illustrated *Cinderella* (Macmillan) in exquisite colors, and with pictures from Cinderella in ashes to Cinderella in her ball gown dancing with the prince. The text of the story is from one of the finest old versions.

One of the most original and entertaining picture-story books of the year is *Hansi* by Ludwig Bemelmans (Viking). It is a lovely large book with gay pictures in many colors, and the story of a small boy who goes to the Austrian Tyrol for a visit. My favorite picture is the dog on skis!

One of the most beautifully written stories of the year is *Away Goes Sally* by Elizabeth Coatsworth (Macmillan), an ideal present for ten- to twelve-year-olds. Sally lived in old New England, and when her uncles built a strange kind of sleigh—a house on runners—Sally had a house to travel in. Away they went to Maine, and this book is the story of that adventure-some journey.

A book the whole family will enjoy is *The Last Pirate* by Louis Untermeyer (Harcourt, Brace), in which Mr. Untermeyer delightfully retells the stories of the famous Gilbert and Sullivan operas. The many and vivacious illustrations are by that greatly loved illustrator, Reginald Birch.

Books to Laugh Over

You will want some amusing books for Christmas day, of course. For the youngest members of the family, look at *Little Goose Gosling* by Helen and Alf Evers (Farrar and Rinehart), *The Little Auto* by Lois Lenski (Oxford), and *Nicodemus and the Little Black Pig* by Inez Hogan (Dutton).

You will not be surprised to hear that Ruth Carroll, of our own AMERICAN GIRL, has done a most amusing picture-story book,

By HELEN FERRIS

Editor-in-Chief, Junior Literary Guild

too. It is *Bounce and the Bunnies* (Reynal and Hitchcock). Bounce is a puppy who goes visiting down a rabbit hole. He and the rabbits have a glorious time until Bounce grows and grows!

An already widely known and entertaining animal friend is Babar, the little elephant, whose first large book, with its colorful and merry pictures, was full of hair-raising adventures. Now comes *The Travels of Babar* by Jean De Brunhoff (Smith and Haas), the story of Babar's honeymoon with Celeste—over the sea to a cannibal island; then a trip on a whale, with a circus thrown in for good measure; and a fight between elephants and rhinoceroses. Yes, plenty happens to Babar.

Animal Books

If you have a best friend, or a brother, or a cousin, who is fascinated by wild animals, *The Book of Zoography* by Raymond Ditmars and Helene Carter (Lippincott) will be a welcome gift. Here are fascinating picture maps, drawn by Miss Carter, showing where the Zoo animals come from. And Dr. Ditmars, the famous head of the Bronx Zoo, tells about the animals themselves.

Another book for all ages—and especially for horse-lovers—is *Jinny: the Story of a Filly* by Bert Clark Thayer (Farrar and Rinehart) which is the photograph-story of the adorable little Jinny, and her growing-up.

Timothy by Bernard and Katharine Garrett (Oxford) is a charming story of a baby deer, for five- and six-year-olds. The pictures are lovable.

If you have seen Dorothy Lathrop's *A Fairy Circus*, you can imagine what an appealing book her *Lost Merry-Go-Round* (Macmillan) is, with its story of the birds, and the rabbits, and the deer, and the bats, who discover a lost merry-go-round in Flittermouse Wood. Children from six to ten will be happy with this lovely book.

For boys and girls of eight to twelve, *The Good Friends* by Margery Bianco (Viking) introduces the entertaining cow, Rhoda; two ancient horses; Rufus, the sick hound; Mrs. Happy and her kittens; Rosie, the little brown goat—and Mary, their friend who takes them into her barn and her woodshed, where they promptly set up house-keeping. The chapter about Rhoda's birth-

day party is as entertaining as any I have read this autumn. Margery Bianco is one of our most delightful story-tellers.

A splendid animal story for older boys and girls is *Red Heifer: a Story of Men and Cattle* by F. D. Davison (Coward-McCann), in which a red cow in the wilds of Australia fights against the efforts of cowboys to capture her. *Wild Animal Man* by R. W. Thompson (Morrow) will especially appeal to your older brother, for it is the story of one of the greatest wild animal trainers of our day, Reuben Castang—how he started, and the animals he has trained. It includes adventures a-plenty, too, for training wild creatures is an exciting business.

Books about Boys and Girls

Farm Boy by Phil Stong (Doubleday, Doran) is for your brothers and sisters from eight to twelve—all about the fun some boys and a girl have on a farm, and their thrill in digging for Indian treasure. *Blue Boy*, the famous pig, is in the story, too. Kurt Wiese has drawn many lively pictures for this book.

If your brother in his teens likes stories of America's early days, he will enjoy *The Scarlet Coat* by Frances Gaither (Macmillan). Pierre Roland is a boy with La Salle, exploring the Mississippi, killing buffaloes, encountering the Indians.

Lending Mary by Eliza Orne White (Houghton, Mifflin) introduces nine-year-old Mary to younger readers, and is about the surprising summer when she is lent to her Cousin Ruth. Mary has a red pencil with which to mark special days on her calendar—and most of them are red.

For older girls, *Anne at Large* by Margaret Fayerweather (McBride) is about a real girl of today who goes to live in the White House. The author is a friend of Mrs. Roosevelt's, and she went to the White House herself when writing about Anne. There is a mystery in this book, too—and a wedding.

For your older brother or cousin, I recommend four stories: *Team Play* by Donal Hamilton Haines (Farrar and Rinehart), a story about two boys who are leaders in their school's many activities; *The Silver Run, a Story of the Sardine Industry* by William Heyliger (Appleton-Century), about Larry March who inherits a closed sardine factory, and courageously battles to open it and run it successfully; *Lumberjack* by Stephen W. Meader (Harcourt, Brace), a fine story of a boy's experiences in a New Hampshire lumber camp; and *Trigger John's Son* by Tom Robinson (Viking), the very real and amusing story of a crowd of boys in a small town in Pennsylvania, about thirty-five years ago.

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Guests Who Are Asked Again

(Continued from page 33)

some of the friends you may have in her community. Only remember: no dates or plans without first consulting your hostess as to hers. Be quite sure first that you are not interfering with anything she has arranged for your entertainment. You see, her house isn't just a hotel at which you are staying; you are her guest, and you have been invited for a visit because your hostess and her family want to see something of you. While they may not want to see you every minute, you cannot expect them to feel right about it if you turn up only now and then, just long enough to change your clothes, eat a meal, or snatch a bit of sleep.

Invite the girl you are visiting and her mother to go somewhere, as your guests, occasionally. Take them to the theater, the movies, or out to a tea room or hotel for luncheon, or dinner. Have it clearly understood that you are paying the check, or buying the tickets. You might say: "Mrs. Allen, I know that you are going to be very busy tomorrow getting things ready for the party. Wouldn't that be a good time for you and Eleanor to have lunch with me? I'd like to take you to that cunning tea room over at the next corner. Won't you be my guests, just this once for a change?"

Mrs. Allen, if she is her own cook, should be urged to accept. She will enjoy her meal away from home, and she will find that it is much easier for her to get things ready for the party if she hasn't lunch to plan for.

Keep your eyes open for a chance to turn the tables, and be hostess yourself sometime when you are visiting. Don't dismiss the idea just because your hostess happens to have a great deal more money than you have. She may enjoy your little treat all the more, simply because it is unusual for her to be taken somewhere as a guest. It isn't the cost of the luncheon that matters. It is the glow of pleasure she will feel that you have thought of something you really want to do for her.

And now let's turn briefly to the duties of a hostess. For I know that all of you are as eager to be popular hostesses, as you are to be the kind of guests who are invited again. We have already covered some of the things a hostess should remember, but one important thing we have omitted: the thoughtful hostess provides her guest with comfortable quarters. She makes sure that there is closet space, and plenty of hangers on which the guest may hang her clothes; and that there (Continued on page 36)

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Guests Who Are Asked Again

(Continued from page 35)

are bureau drawers, freshly lined with clean paper. The hostess sees that the guest has a good bed, neatly made up with clean sheets and plenty of clean covers. If there is no separate bathroom for the guest, the hostess assigns her a towel rack in the common bathroom, and keeps it supplied with clean towels and wash cloths. She provides her guest with a drinking glass, and a soap dish, and a bar of soap of her own.

These are the minimum essentials. There are other thoughtful things that belong in any well-equipped guest room—things that count little in expense, and yet contribute greatly to the comfort of a guest: a sewing basket, supplied with needles, thread, and a few buttons, all right at hand for the guest who needs to sew on a strap, fix a hem, or mend a stocking; some simple toilet articles such as a nail file, clothes brush, cleansing

tissue, a tube of cold cream, and a new toothbrush—for the guest who has forgotten one of these important items; writing paper, pencils, ink, stamps, pen points, blotters, and a table or desk on which to write; a bed lamp and a few books or magazines for the guest who cannot go to sleep without her bit of reading; a good mirror with adequate lighting; and a waste-paper basket. Look over your guest room, or the room your guest is to share, and see what it lacks. A trip to the five and ten cent store often fills many unnecessary gaps.

As a parting word, when you are a hostess, prepare well in advance; and when your guests arrive, wear your duties lightly. Never let it appear that your guests are a burden, or that anything you do for them is drudgery. If you worry, and fret, and apologize, they won't want to be "guests who are invited again."

The Big Idea

(Continued from page 11)

was getting away from her. "That'll do for the games," she said when she could interrupt. "We must start work early today, or we'll never get our Christmas presents done. Please all of you go to your places now."

At the far side of the room, the girls, with some fussing, settled themselves to their duster-bags and iron-holders. It seemed necessary for Frieda to get up and sit down several times before her flounces could be adjusted smoothly beneath her. The boys, around a table in their own particular corner, attacked the finishing of raffia picture frames. If one had asked the Saturday Class for whom all these presents were intended, the answering chorus would have been unanimous: "M'mother!"

In a favoring hush, Slinky produced the candy box.

His possession of it was a mystery. He laid it on the table before him, where all might see, and deliberately took off the cover. Lying in a pasteboard compartment in the center, with his toes turned up, was a three-inch chocolate Santa Claus, bearing a chocolate Christmas tree on his shoulder. He was covered with copper foil, and was without doubt the bright, particular jewel of the treasure-box. The boys straightened in their seats and gave Slinky their undivided attention.

Slinky selected a candy, and without haste placed it in his mouth. He chewed it slowly, with his head a little on one side, tasting its flavor like an epicure. The boys edged nearer expectantly.

The epicure glanced across at Alice, and a change came over his face. Apparently a new and disturbing thought had dawned on him. He struggled with himself and courtesy prevailed. But he took no chances. With one grimy hand he disengaged the Santa Claus from its niche, and held it against his breast. With the other, in a sweeping gesture, he passed the box across the table. "Don't yer want some candy, Teacher?"

Alice was merciful. She was also fastidious. "No, thank you, Willie. I've just had my lunch."

Slinky drew back the box with an expression of relief. The boys were growing

impatient. Evidently they felt that now all decencies had been observed; that the wait was becoming unduly long.

Slinky ate his second candy, and his third, and his fourth, with maddening deliberation. He rolled the sweet morsels under his tongue while the boys watched with watering mouths. Confident anticipation was giving way in their faces to envy, astonishment, and personal injury.

"I s'pose it's queer of me to let him go on like this," thought Alice. "And yet—he's having his innings for once."

Slinky half rose from his seat, a caramel between finger and thumb. "I'll take one to m'brother," he announced with grandeur. His little brother was on the platform stringing a bead chain under the tutelage of Grace Campbell.

"No," said Alice. "I don't want you to disturb another class."

HE sank into his seat, and resumed his past. Once he graciously opened his mouth to show the lasting quality of a molasses peppermint after strenuous sucking. Good durable candy, that! "It's chawklit moglasses," he explained.

The boys became obsequious; they sued for Slinky's favor. He dropped a bit of silver paper on the floor, and one of the boys picked it up for him, but he preserved a stony insensibility. He had received no quarter, and he gave none.

The last candy went the way of all the others, and the box was empty save for the shining Santa Claus still lying in state in the center. Even the girls, from their corner, were now interested, and Frieda walked over and hung-on the back of Slinky's chair. "Shall you bite his head off first?" she inquired.

"I dunno. Mebbe I'll start with his Christmas tree." Slinky weighed the question gravely. "I hope he ain't holler," he added.

There was a step on the stair, and a fine old silvered head rose above the balustrade. The pastor, Dr. Maxwell, benign in his clerical black, was coming up to give the class the season's greeting. A hush fell on the children as he passed from table to table, an endearing figure, with a smile and a word of commendation for all.

"How splendid it is to think of the moth-

ers who will be made happy by all these fine presents," he said. "And the child who has something to give to Mother, or to anybody else, is sure to have a Merry Christmas, too."

"All of our greatest men, boys"—was it accident that he chose this moment to place a gentle hand on Slinky's shoulder?—"all of our greatest men have been those who have thought more of what they could give to others than of what they could get for themselves."

Slinky gazed up at him, his pinched little soul in his face. His green eyes were almost beautiful in their luminous absorption, their utter credulity. "I'm goin' ter be President," he ventured, but his voice was so husky that Dr. Maxwell did not hear and passed on, smiling.

Thoughts new, big and difficult seemed warring together in Slinky's mind. Was it possible that he had been mistaken, that the path to greatness did not lead knee-deep through splendid possessions, but was, after all, a hard and higher way? He looked earnestly at the chocolate Santa Claus. He lifted the trinket from its resting-place and fingered it wistfully. He pulled off a bit of the covering and glimpsed the brown sweetness beneath.

There was a sudden burst of music from the church below:

*"Hark! The herald angels sing
"Glory to the new-born King!"*

SLINKY rose as if he had been shot out of his seat. He strode around the table and thrust the Santa Claus into the astonished hand of little Tommy Rundle, whose useless legs stretched out before him, stiff and helpless in their iron braces.

"Take it! It's your'n," he said. "It's to eat!" Then, turning, met the delighted eyes of Alice. He jerked his head sideways toward Tommy. "He's lame," he commented briefly.

There was an impressive moment of silence; then a murmur of admiration, almost like a sigh, escaped from the observers. They approved.

When the class was dismissed, a few minutes later, the boys showed no resentment but, rather, a tendency to lionize Slinky. He had been the owner of magnificent properties, he had enjoyed himself before them in princely fashion, and, in his own good time and way, he had bestowed largesse on the unfortunate.

Georgie Moskowitz separated himself from the crowd of children pouring through the side door into the churchyard, and ran a few steps backward over the ice. "Here go, Slink!" he cried, and threw a ball to Slinky. Alice, watching from the window above, found herself sending up a frantic petition that he might not fail to catch it. And her prayer was granted.

The next moment she saw Slinky spring upon the back of his arch-enemy, Bertie Rudd, bear him to the earth, and wash his face with snow. Bertie, laughing, responded in kind, and the two, clutched in a wrestling grip, rolled through the gate and out onto the sidewalk.

As the children stormed, shouting, up the street and over the hill into the red winter sunset, Slinky in the thick of the fun, Alice smiled to herself with satisfaction.

"Strange things are happening every day," she thought whimsically. "Perhaps Slinky will be President after all!"

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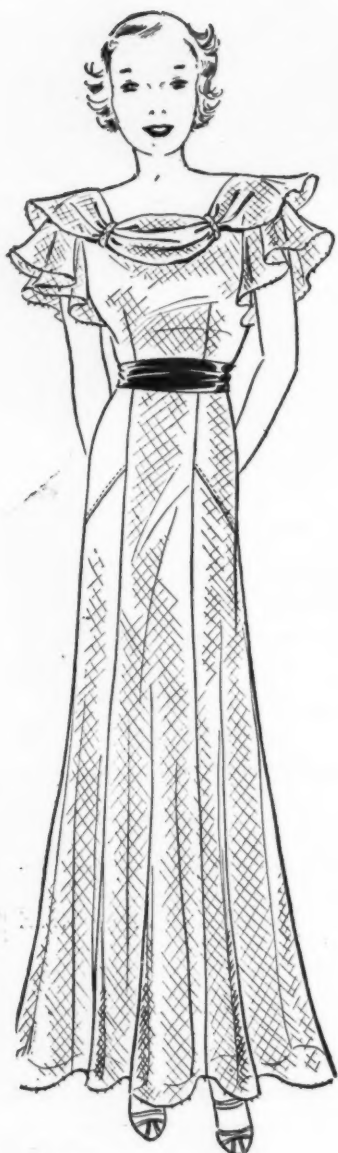
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Christmas Crèche

(Continued from page 13)

the tiny wax and wooden figures in many churches. Sometimes they were brought out for our especial benefit, but frequently we found them in a small chapel, behind a glass front,—exquisite figures dressed in the faded colors of rich old damasks, but still fresh in their interest for all comers. The crèche in Italy is called the *presepio*. Here the family custom is somewhat different. Only the Madonna and Joseph are set out in the stable at first beside the manger; then comes the Christ-child on Christmas Eve; later on, the shepherds, moving up to the manger little by little; and last of all the wise men coming in slowly from a distance at Epiphany. In the same way they are gradually removed in chronological order.

In Austria, where the crèche takes the German name of *Krippe*, we saw in the house of a friend a beautiful group of hand-carved figures, each about a foot high, dressed in priceless fabrics almost dropping to pieces with age. I asked my friend about them and, in broken English, he told me how as a poor boy in his native village he had loved to see these figures in the chapel at Christmas time. When he was very old, he came upon them in an antique shop and carried them back to his house, giving them the place of honor in an old carved cupboard which had come from his boyhood home.

WHEN we came again to America, the thing that thrilled us most at the Metropolitan Museum of Art was the crèche in the style of Rossellino, those exquisite figures almost life-size, Joseph, and the infant Jesus, and the kneeling Madonna. If any of you live in or near New York, do go to see it. It is not only great art—but it has a rare spiritual quality as well.

The most thrilling result that has come from our Christmas crèche is that other people, both children and grown-ups, have started making the figures for themselves. At the children's school, one of the classes modeled a crèche in clay, painted and dressed the figures, made a stable, and set it all up on a low kindergarten table, with trees, grass, pool, rocks and hills, for the whole school to see. A friend made a crèche for his little boy. He cut the figures from three-ply wood, with a jig saw, set them on standards, painted them, and made for the background the silhouette of an oriental village, with white buildings against a deep blue starry sky. It was most effective. He copied the figures as nearly as possible from the beautiful old paintings of the Holy Family.

I have a young friend who was ill in bed for many months. Three boys, in a family who knew him, decided to make him a crèche. They persuaded their parents to help, and carved the figures from soap, each figure four or five inches high. The mother made the Madonna and child, the father, Joseph, and the boys each made an animal. They mounted the figures on an oval wooden base, against a simple background, and gave it to the boy. Needless to say it was his favorite Christmas present.

On the mantel in my own bedroom stands a miniature crèche made up of a dozen figures less than two inches high. My daughter, aged eleven, carved it from soap with a nail file, (Continued on page 40)



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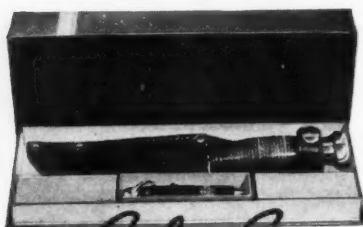
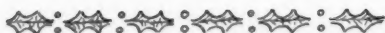


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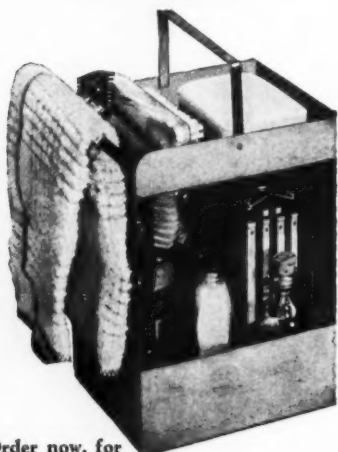
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The Christmas Crèche

(Continued from page 39)

and wept many tears in the making because the tiny heads *would* break off just when they were almost finished. But she persisted, and gave the little set to her father for Christmas, in a velvet-lined box. When the box is set on its side, the dark red velvet is a perfect background against which the little figures are silhouetted. Her father and I are prouder of this crèche, of course, than of any we could possibly buy.

If you want a really personal crèche, to use Christmas after Christmas, something the whole family will cherish and enjoy, just try making the figures yourself; or get your family, or your Girl Scout group, or

your school class, to do it together. You can all contribute something—a figure or two, or an animal, or the manger, or the setting—and build up about them various little ceremonies, and a lovely tradition to carry on from year to year. Modeled in clay, or cut with a jig saw, or carved in wood or soap, or painted on pasteboard—no matter how it is made, you will love it because you have put your own efforts and eagerness into the making. Don't try to have it perfect. The finest figures are the simplest, and the crèches made by children are just as lovely, each in its own way, as the quaint old ones that have come down to us through the centuries.

Bread Upon the Waters

(Continued from page 21)

She stood the snapshot against some books. A shadow crossed his face. "No?" With a gleam of understanding she took the picture. "You want me to keep it?"

She saw his glance move pointedly from the snapshot to the list of ships and back. A sigh stole through his parted lips. "Yes," she thought it said.

"All right, honey. Don't you worry, now. Everything's going to be all right."

Relieved yet deeply puzzled, she replaced the other papers in the wallet, the wallet in his coat. When she turned back to the bed, the Skipper's head had slipped down into the pillow. The old eyes were closed. He slept as peacefully as a tired kitten.

Lee tucked him in, opened a window, turned out the light. Then, with the list and the photograph in her hand, she went downstairs to get her supper, and try to think this out.

She had discovered what worried him and, temporarily, removed it from his mind. But it made no sense to her. Evidently he was expecting her to do something with the picture.

While eating her supper she stared at the snapshot propped against the sugar bowl, as if hoping to find there the answer to this riddle. On a sudden thought she turned the picture over; there in a neat, fine hand was written: "Ricky, aged 8, 1920."

The wind, still making, buffeted the house on the wharf, and now with each squall came the hiss of flying snow. Lee glanced out of the window. All the harbor lights had been blotted out. A bad night and no mistake.

She turned to the little photograph. "Could he be looking for you?"

Ricky laughed in her face.

* * *

"If you ask me, it's no day to be out," Tod Northrup grumbled.

"Cheer up, Tod," Lee told him. "We'll be inside the harbor most of the time." Buttoning the ulster more securely 'round her, she gripped the wheel fast. The nurse had come, and Skipper was, she thought, a little better. The launch was just leaving her float.

Inside or out, it was dirty weather. Level snow, stinging like hot needles, hid the world in a blinding white smother. The going was easy so long as they skirted the piers, delivering to ships moored there; but once they headed out for Quarantine and

the vessels at anchor, it would be a different story.

Peering ahead, at intervals blowing the launch's shrill whistle, Lee thought of the snapshot that had weighed so heavily on the Skipper's mind. She wondered who the child was. She had never heard the Skipper talk of his relatives, but a man so taciturn could have had dozens without her knowledge. The sullen growl of a big ship, quite near but invisible, brought her back to the present. She replied, staring anxiously into the murk, and put her helm to starboard.

Then, without warning, the launch's engine stopped. Tod loosed an exasperated, "I told you so!" and bent, fuming, over his cylinders.

"Wahoo!" said the big ship, dead ahead.

They were about halfway down the roads, she thought. Spectacle Island should be off there to the south. Tod had advised skirting the main ship channel in order to pick up buoys more easily. They should have a bell to indicate "out of control," but there wasn't one aboard. The blizzard hummed in the white silence, and a wicked chop slapped spindrift over the laden gunwale.

"Can you fix it, Tod?" Lee's teeth were chattering. "We've got to get down there. I promised the Skipper—"

"Wahoo!" said the big ship, very near.

Lee blew the whistle till her lungs ached, but she doubted whether it would carry fifty feet up wind. She felt no fear. The only thought in her mind was the necessity of getting down to the ships at Quarantine.

"Please hurry, Tod," she begged.

Tod Northrup straightened up, and looked at her. "It's no use hurrying," he said in a queer voice. "I told him we'd ought to be overhauled, running so steady. Shaft's let go. We're out of commission."

"Wahoo!" roared the ship, right overhead.

Then Lee saw an enormous black cliff crawling upon them out of the storm. Tod snatched the whistle, and sent an ear-splitting blast quivering upward. . . . A bell jangled, voices cried out sharply. The black mountain rumbled, recoiled in answer to some inner urge, and halted so close that Lee could touch the white numbers painted on its towering prow.

"A near thing!" Tod was chattering, pushing the launch along the giant hull. "Must be a ladder along here somewheres."

Still Lee felt no fear, but only a vague and awestruck wonder at a pattern of chance she could not fathom—that, and stubborn

grief that they could not reach Quarantine today.

Tod was grasping a boat-ladder, making the launch fast. Overhead in the flying snow somebody hailed, "Ahoy, the launch!" Lee went up to explain. The handrail and steps were slippery. Somebody called, "Good Lord, it's a girl!" and an arm reached down to help her.

There were people milling about on deck, crowding round to see her. A reporter with an open notebook bustled up eagerly. But the arm that had helped her was still protectively about her, and a tall figure was breaking a way for her through the crowd.

"All right, Mr. Ames?" came a gruff voice from above.

"Right, sir," the man replied cheerfully.

The name caught Lee's attention. In the confusion, she thought, she mightn't have heard correctly. Anyway, it was a fairly common name. There was a thrilling hum underfoot, and the huge liner began again to move up the channel.

A door closed behind her. She felt the welcome of warmth, and soft lights, and luxurious rugs and chairs. She looked up into the laughing eyes of her protector, a tall young man in immaculate blue uniform who was unbuttoning her sodden ulster. Where had she seen him before? Never, probably. Strangers often looked familiar.

"It's no day to start for France," he was chuckling.

"We were bound for Quarantine," she said with dignity, and explained what for.

"You were off Quarantine when we picked you up," he told her. "There was nothing but water between you and Europe."

"What ship is this?" she asked.

"*Tasmania*, Blue Star, Captain Wilkins, Liverpool to New York. We put in here unexpectedly, radio orders, to discharge some cargo. Be here overnight, and then move on."

"I had you on my list," she told him, "with a question-mark. Are you—Captain Wilkins?" She glanced at the gold braid on his cap and sleeve.

HIS towhead went up, his eyes gleamed with mirth. "Not quite. Junior Watch Officer Dick Ames, at your service," he said. "But I mean to be captain of something, some day." His face clouded. "In spite of—everything," he added.

She drew a long breath. "What do you mean?"

He stared at her a moment, as if wondering why she cared. Then his laughing blue eyes crinkled up again. "Same old story. Seagoing father thinks any trade on earth is better than the one he followed. Son with salt in his blood, pining for life on the ocean wave. Dad won't hear of it, says boy would never make good. Son runs away to sea. Dad disowns him, won't answer letters, moves, drops out of existence. You can't help a thing like that, it's on the books." His face sobered. "If I could find him and explain—"

Lee spoke in a still small voice. "Have you any plans for this evening, Mr. Dick Ames?"

He shrugged. "Movies, maybe. What does this town offer in the way of entertainment?"

She hesitated. "I've got a friend who's sick. He loves the sea, too, though he never says so. I wonder if you'd be willing to come in, just for (Continued on page 43)

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Stories That Are Alive

CRESSKILL, NEW JERSEY: I just had to write and compliment Mary Avery Glen on writing *Resolution Hall*; also Marjorie Maxwell on *Fire in the Wind*. Those stories were so full of life, I enjoyed them tremendously.

I have been a Girl Scout for over four years. Our Scout captain subscribes to *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, so I have been reading it for a long time, and last Christmas I received a subscription as one of my gifts.

Bright Lagoon is getting better all the time. I think it is a splendid story. The page, *Make Your Own Clothes*, has been very interesting to me. In fact, the whole book is splendid.

We hope to send in some pictures of the girls in our troop. *Barbara Finnan*

The Best Serial

CANAAN, NEW HAMPSHIRE: I have been taking *THE AMERICAN GIRL* since November, and I just love it. *Keeper of the Wolves* is the best serial I ever read. I love Joseph Stahley's illustrations, and this month's cover by Edward Poucher is perfect.

Resolution Hall was very good, but I can't get interested in *Bright Lagoon*.

I think Floy Gifford's idea is a splendid one. More movie articles! *Jane Dow*

On Their Toes

CALLAWAY, MINNESOTA: I enjoy *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, even if I am not a Girl Scout, and I don't know how I could get along without the magazine.

Sometimes I have a hard time getting the magazine, as when I come home my father or my brother are reading it. They have enjoyed the stories, especially *Keeper of the Wolves*. And *Bright Lagoon* has us all on our toes. *Marian McDowell*

To Read Aloud

BRADFORD, MASSACHUSETTS: I am writing for the first (and I hope not the last) time to you, although I have taken *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for three years. I can't tell you how much I enjoyed the October issue. I was especially glad to see a Girl Scout on the cover, as we have not had one for quite a while. It is so appropriate for the month, too.

Bright Lagoon is a great success; *Fire in the Wind* was grand; *Dixie in The Menace* was daring, but not quite so good as *Claire in Keeper of the Wolves*; *Wings over Everest* was a good article. And *Resolution Hall* gets the prize for short stories this month. The message from Mrs. Edey, and the article on Juliette Low, just thrilled me to death. I am going to ask my captain to read them aloud to the troop.

I have just one complaint. Where is Scatter? We used to hear so much of her

a few years ago, and now we hardly ever hear of her. I am sure I am not the only one who feels this way, so please have her back again soon. *Barbara Cunningham*

Helene Likes Articles

WILLOW GROVE, PENNSYLVANIA: I have been taking *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for two years, and have never written before to tell you how much I appreciate the fine articles.

I enjoyed *The Menace*, *Bright Lagoon*, and *Resolution Hall* immensely. I find that the articles *I Am a Girl Who*—are very helpful. Can't we have one each month? I enjoyed *Dressing to Type* in the October issue, too.

Thank you so much for the hours and hours of happiness and cheerfulness brought to me every month by *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. *Helene Kreidler*

Favorite Characters

HOLLYWOOD, ILLINOIS: Thank you so much for having an Edward Poucher cover on the October issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. I think Ruth Carroll designs the cutest covers, but I have missed Edward Poucher and some of the other artists we had last year.

I am particularly interested in your covers and illustrations because I am studying art for my future career. Ruth King and Robb Beebe are my favorite *AMERICAN GIRL* illustrators.

Fire in the Wind was swell. Brooke and Pierce seemed awfully nice. Two of my favorite characters are Phyl and Meg. *Resolution Hall* was so thrilling. I even thought someone really was downstairs.

I took such a liking to *Dixie in The Menace*, I was terribly glad when she found courage.

The Girl Scout Week issue was the nicest in a long time, although all the numbers have been swell in the three years I've had this magazine.

Thank you for it. *Jeanne Lower*

The Best Issue

FORT HUACHUCA, ARIZONA: I have just completed reading the last article in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, and I think the October issue the best, so far.

Fire in the Wind by Marjorie Maxwell was excellent. I admired both the characters immensely. In fact, it beat all the stories in this issue, although *Resolution Hall* by Mary Avery Glen was not far behind. As for *Bright Lagoon* by Marguerite Aspinwall, it seems to me the most interesting and thrilling serial ever published in the maga-

zine. I am so anxious to see how it turns out. Kits Cronin is certainly an interesting, but odd character.

A Message to Girl Scouts by Mrs. Edey, and *Here's to You, Daisy Low* by K. O. Wright, were both super excellent. They made me feel so patriotic when I read them.

I watch for the postman about the first of every month, and when my magazine comes, the first thing I turn to is *A Penny for Your Thoughts*. It is so much fun to read the letters, and find out the opinions of other girls. *Sue Huddleson*

One Big Cheer

KNOX CITY, TEXAS: While I have the inspiration, I simply must write, and tell you how much I enjoy *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. It's my very favorite magazine—and voicing this same opinion to my chum, Mary Louise, I was delighted to receive the desired response, a hearty agreement.

I adore *The Menace*, and here are three rousing cheers for Mary Avery Glen's *Resolution Hall*. I am rather disappointed in *Bright Lagoon*—it just doesn't have enough action for me, I suppose. *Fire in the Wind* was truly a disappointment.

Mayn't we have more poems? *Black Cat* was keen!

I simply devour each word of Girl Scout news. We haven't an organization here, but nevertheless I am a booster for the Girl Scouts.

To sum all up in one big cheer, my *AMERICAN GIRL* is the chief "encourager" in all I do. *Marilynn Edwards*

An Out-Door Girl

OPELIKA, ALABAMA: I have just finished the October number, and enjoyed it thoroughly. *The Menace* is the kind of story I like best. Perhaps that's because I like to live out-of-doors.

All the articles and other stories are very interesting and helpful. I am especially interested in the Girl Scouts.

Thanks again for the fine stories. *Ann Canon*

Birthday Gift

BINGHAMTON, NEW YORK: I received *THE AMERICAN GIRL* as a birthday gift from my best chum, and now I couldn't get along without it. The stories about *Dixie* are simply corking. *Bright Lagoon* and the stories about Ellen are good, too.

Why not have a page about movies? I'm sure other girls enjoy hearing about movies as much as I do.

Of all the magazines I read (and I read a good many) *THE AMERICAN GIRL* just tops them all. Here's to the magazine and its publishers. *Joan Fischer*

Bread Upon the Waters

(Continued from page 41)

a little while, and tell him about your experiences. You see, I'm supposed to talk shipping to him, but I don't know a thing about it. You could cheer him up, maybe make him better. Would you?"

He paused only a moment, looking steadily at her. "Sure thing," he agreed.

When the liner had docked, and Junior Watch Officer Ames was at last free for the evening, Lee's first concern was to paddle Tod Northrup and the *Seaman's Friend* over to the float and moor her securely there. Dick Ames helped, bellowing orders to imaginary subordinates. The storm had increased in fury, but nobody seemed to mind. Lee made arrangements with Tod for the launch to be repaired, and then she and Ames climbed the runway to street level.

Darkness was falling, and the street lights looked furry in the driving snow. The noises of elevated trains and snowplows sounded muffled, but the gale sang fiercely in the wires overhead, and as they turned corners the wind came at them like a solid moving wall. Heads down, laughing, arm in arm, they battled through the drifts.

"Hope you'll stay to supper," Lee shouted. "It's the least I can do, after you saved me from a watery grave."

"Middle name is Stay-to-Supper," he shouted back. "But I warn you, when it comes to eating I'm a fiend in human form."

As she debated swiftly with herself between steak and a mushroom omelet, they reached the door. "Here we are," she said, and thrust her key into the lock.

Dick Ames stood still in the dim-lit hall. His face was expectant; he looked round as if searching for something, or listening. "Funny thing," he said. "I know I haven't been here before, but it seems—as if I had."

Nodding, for she was sure now, Lee sent her hail gallantly through the house. "Ahoy, the frigate! Sta-and by to repel boarders!"

Silence. Dick Ames was staring wildly at her. "Where'd you get that hail?" he asked.

"Come up," she said. "You'll see."

They met Miss Evans, the brisk little nurse, on the stairs.

"How is he?" Lee whispered.

"Awfully worried about you, Miss Lee. Better now—he heard you come in. Hungry!" Miss Evans hurried on down to the kitchen.

Lee opened the bedroom door, and looked through the crack by its hinges; she saw the Skipper's eyes fixed eagerly on the spot where she would appear. "Skipperee," she called, "I'm bringing a friend to see you." Her voice broke; it seemed as if her pounding heart would choke her. She nudged Dick Ames. "Go in first," she whispered. "And smile if it's the last thing you do."

He moved quickly past her into the light. "Dad!"

"Ricky!" came, faintly but distinctly, from the bed. "I was wrong. All these years I've—wanted to tell you. Forgive me, boy."

When Lee looked again, Junior Watch Officer Ames was on his knees by the bed, his face hidden; and the Skipper's horny old hand was groping out to pat that tumbled, bright towhead.

Both steak and omelet, she decided. And went in.

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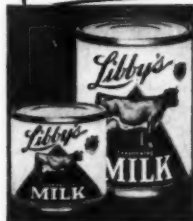
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Youth Goes North

(Continued from page 25)

years of age, had read many of the English masterpieces. Little Jim was no scholar. The only way one could make him study was to threaten to keep him indoors if the lessons were not learned—but at sports, hunting, trapping, no one could surpass him. Each year he went moose-hunting with the tribesmen and, for three years, he had been the first one in the party to fell a moose. Some Norwegian woodsmen had brought skis into that part of the country, and Little Jim had a pair. Behind his house was a steep hill about two hundred feet high. He would herringbone his way up to the top, and then literally fly down to the foot, curving dangerously around the corner of the house, skimming down to the end of the wharf, and taking a fifteen foot jump down to the lake. Everything about nature was to him an open book. He knew the hole where the best bass could be caught, and no trail was too difficult for him to explore. The traditions of his people will be preserved while he lives.

Those were pleasant evenings which we spent around the fire listening to Big Jim telling stories of the "high and far off days," or playing games with the children. Our days were spent exploring the beautiful wooded trails, or visiting Bear Island, the nearest hamlet, where the tribe was to be found engaged in making snowshoes, baskets for the next summer's trade, or garments. After every moose hunt, the women were busy for days preparing the hides, and making moccasins, and warm jackets.

One day we went for a fifteen mile ski trip across the lake to a large camp. We started in the early morning, with the thermometer registering fifteen degrees below zero. We didn't mind that, however, as we were well wrapped up. Past the Bear Island

hamlet we sped, leaving it rapidly behind. The open lake lay before us, and a long run across the bay brought us to our destination puffing and out of breath. Each minute the sun rose higher, and the warmth increased. By noon we had shed every possible garment. We ate our lunch in the cabin of the camp's caretaker where we met a most interesting child, a boy of ten, who had spent all his life in lumber camps, and had never been to school. His education was gained through the provincial correspondence course. The lessons came by mail, and were carefully prepared and graded. We found him most keen, and easily as advanced as any child of his age in ordinary schools.

"It is a great day when the State provides all its children with equal educational advantages," we thought.

As we left the cabin, we spied a long hill and carelessly started down it on our skis. To our horror we discovered it ended in a fifty foot sheer drop. Not being trained for the national ski jumping contest, we decided to end our adventure as hurriedly as possible, and made for a large birch tree standing at the brink of the precipice. Its white arms afforded us safety and we made the descent to the lake with our skis on our backs.

The trip across the lake was sheer beauty. The sun was fast setting, and the miles of snow were colored by that master hand into a flaming carpet. We reached home with a sunburn such as no July sun ever gave—tired, happy, and at peace with the world.

So passed the days and nights of my delightful holiday, the memory of which gives me a happy glow. The next time your family suggests Palm Beach, or Bermuda, for a winter holiday, beg off, and go North. Vigor, energy, and adventure are found in the snowy lands. Youth goes North!

The Lighted House

(Continued from page 16)

—presumably the house's owner, since he had seemed so comfortably at home over his informal meal—had been there quite recently; had left a lighted fire on the hearth, and one in the kitchen stove, and two candles burning on the mantelpiece. Then, mysteriously, unreasonably, he had gone. Only—owners of houses do not go out in a storm such as this, leaving fires and candles unprotected behind them.

Noll said suddenly, "It reminds me of a famous sea mystery I read about once. A sailing ship named the *Marie Celeste* was sighted by another ship—somewhere off the China coast it was, I think. She was steering so erratically, the captain of the other ship felt sure no one was at her wheel, and he decided to send a boat to investigate. They found her deserted; yet there were lights burning, and a meal had been served and half eaten, in the captain's cabin. A kettle was still boiling on the galley stove, and every one of the ship's boats swung at its davits. But there wasn't a single soul on board, nor any clue as to how they had gone, or why."

"By jiminy, that's a queer one!" Andy ejaculated. "You mean she wasn't in a sinking condition?"

Noll shook his head. "No. And even if she

had been, how had the crew gone, without boats? There were all sorts of rumors, of course, but no one has ever really known what did happen. Some people claim something frightened the crew so badly they jumped overboard, without waiting to lower the boats."

Felicity cast a startled glance behind her. "But it—it can't have been that way—here," she said, uncertainly.

"Of course not," Jim Crow declared, and surreptitiously kicked his brother's shins. "We'll find there's some quite simple, ordinary explanation of our little mystery. I guess we might as well build up that fire while we're waiting. It's going to be a cold night, but the woodshed's well stocked, luckily. I'll bring in an armful later."

"And I'm going to hunt for some more candles," Felicity said quickly. "My knee's feeling quite comfortable now."

All three boys offered to undertake the errand for her, but she insisted firmly that men didn't know the ins and outs of a house as well as a woman. Probably extra candles were kept somewhere in the kitchen. And if they didn't mind relying only on the firelight while she was gone, she'd take the one remaining candle stub.

"They thought I was scared," she told

herself resentfully, as she let herself into the half-dark kitchen.

She found the candles almost at once—in the drawer of the kitchen table; and was about to return in triumph to the fire when her eye fell on a squat pewter lamp, minus a chimney, on the floor.

She stopped short, considering it. Obviously it was the missing lamp whose chimney sat on the brick hearth all by itself. But why should the lamp also be sitting in lonely state on the floor in another room?

She crossed over and picked it up, shaking it experimentally. Yes, that was it, of course. The lamp was empty, and the person who had brought it out here had intended to fill it.

But that only made matters more mysterious than ever. What had prevented him from carrying out his intention?

Staring absently at the scrubbed pine boards of the floor, trying to puzzle out a solution, Felicity's eyes grew sharply alert, and she bent forward.

Not far from the lamp, there was a wider crack in the floor than the others between adjacent boards. Following its course, she saw that it formed one side of an oblong about three feet wide and five in length. And having seen that, and her eyes having become more accustomed to the duskiness of the kitchen, she made out a small iron ring let into one of the floor boards.

A trap door into the cellar, of course. Almost all summer houses had small cellars in which things like vegetables, and barrels of apples, and—why—of course! Only last night Aunt Fran had gone into a similar cellar for kerosene oil for a lamp that was burning low.

Quite suddenly Felicity was afraid. She put the back of one shaking hand against her lips, like a child.

Then she stooped and took a firm hold on the iron ring. The trap door did not budge at her first pull, but at her second she found that the ring was attached to a spring lock, and must be turned completely around before the catch was released.

The door came up easily, as soon as the lock was free. It opened up against the wall, and propping it back securely, Felicity, candle in hand, bent over the dark opening which it revealed.

She could make out a pair of steep, ladder-like steps leading down into what seemed to be the small cellar she had pictured in advance.

And then she started nervously, almost dropping the candle, as a woman's voice spoke out of the darkness.

"Can you reach down and give me a hand up? I'm so nearly frozen, my legs aren't to be depended on, I'm afraid."

Too astonished for coherent thought, Felicity did as she was bidden. A slim, muscular hand, icy-cold, clutched at hers, and a moment later the strangest figure she had ever seen outside the movie cartoons toiled slowly up the steep steps.

It was that of a woman under medium height, with smooth chestnut hair parted over a broad, very white forehead and wide gray eyes. Her face was pale, and her lips were blue with cold.

But Felicity, after one glance at the woman's face, had eyes for nothing but the oddity of her costume, which seemed, at first sight, to consist entirely of numerous layers of potato sacks.

Whether the (Continued on page 46)



She Knows the Answers

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.....

Send gift card showing my name as donor and arrange to send the big Christmas issue to him on Christmas morning.

I enclose \$1.00 (money order or check) in payment.
My name is

.....
.....
.....

AG

The Lighted House

(Continued from page 45)

three boys in the next room had caught the sound of voices, or whether they had merely grown tired of waiting for her return, Felicity did not know, but the next moment she saw them all standing in the doorway, staring with astonished faces.

"I don't know where you youngsters came from," the woman in the potato sacking said, out of that startled moment of silence, in a low, pleasant voice, "but you have certainly turned up in the very nick of time for me. Let's go in to the fire for explanations—that is, if there still is a fire. I haven't an earthly idea how long I've been in that cellar."

"Oh, yes, there's a very good fire," Noll said, recovering his wits and his manners at the same time. He glanced at the open trap door; and then, his face lighting with sudden comprehension, at the chimneyless lamp on the floor. "I suppose you went down to get oil for the lamp," he observed thoughtfully, "and the trap door somehow slammed down and made you a prisoner."

The woman nodded, with a little shiver. "I expect I was in a hurry," she admitted, frowning. "I had just started preparations for lunch, and I was hungry. I must have pushed the door back too hard. It fell just as I reached the bottom of the steps, and there's a spring lock, you know—" She shivered again, more violently this time, and tried to pull her muffling potato sacks more closely about her.

"It was unpardonably careless of me. I've never had such a thing happen before. And today of all days, when I'm alone in the house. My husband went to New York on business yesterday," she added explanatorily, "but he promised to be back early tomorrow. When I found I was trapped in the cellar, I tried to figure out how long I could keep myself awake. I wouldn't have starved, of course, before Fred got back, but I could very easily have frozen. Fortunately, I remembered there were these old sacks in the cellar. We laid in a big stock of potatoes and apples in the autumn, you see. I groped about till I'd found them, and then I tried to keep walking back and forth, with short rests in between."

"Don't try to talk. Come in quickly and get warm," Andy interposed. "Jim Crow, hustle some more wood, for Pete's sake, and let's build up that fire in there! And Flis might get the kettle going for some hot tea."

"Sounds good," the woman said, smiling at them with stiff lips.

They got her settled comfortably in the big easy chair, already drawn up to the fire as she had left it. Andy rummaged in the bedroom for blankets to wrap 'round her; Felicity had the kettle bubbling, and a slice of bread toasting goldenly on the long toasting fork; and Noll built up the fire with the logs Jim Crow brought from the woodshed.

Nobody tried to talk until the first steaming cup of tea had been eagerly drained by the half-frozen woman in the chair. Then, holding her cup out to be refilled, she said, smiling more naturally, "I think it's about time for introductions, don't you? I'm Mrs. Jamieson. My husband and I are artists, and we usually stay on here after the summer colony leaves, to get some snow sketches. Mr. Jamieson had to make arrangements for

a joint exhibition we're having next month, and decided to run down to the city for two nights."

"I guess," Felicity burst out earnestly, "our getting lost as we did was pretty lucky for you!" She shivered a little, herself, at the thought of what might have been, and in answer to the other's inquiring look, plunged headlong into a vivid description of their arrival at Tepee Lake the night before, and their subsequent adventures.

Mrs. Jamieson listened intently.

"I think I know quite a lot about all four of you," she surprised them by observing, then. "You see, I happen to be a friend of your Aunt Fran's. All the summer people up here know one another pretty well. She told me a week ago about your coming. I've even remembered some of your names—Felicity, isn't it? And one of your boys has a funny nickname—Jim Crow."

Jim Crow chuckled, and made her a little bow.

"Yours truly," he introduced himself. "James Crowe Cawthorne. There's always been a James Crowe in my mother's family. They're English, and it never occurred to them, of course, what was bound to happen to an American boy with such a name. But I don't mind," he added, his grin broadening. "I'm used to it. And this is my brother, Oliver—Noll, for short. And Felicity's brother, Andy Wayne."

The two boys bowed, and Andy said impulsively, "If you were glad to see us, we were just as desperately glad to stumble on your island. None of us wanted to admit how completely lost we were in that snow."

"You must have got turned about, and skated back down the lake," their hostess observed. "You're nearly ten miles from Miss Whittemore's place, here. Well, it's a mutually lucky meeting then, I'd say."

"If only Aunt Fran could know we're safe," Felicity said, a few moments later, sipping contentedly from her own hot cup, and nibbling at toast and jam. "I'm afraid she'll be frightfully worried."

The Heedless Haydens

(Continued from page 8)

Bendy said flatly, "I'll tell him." She felt broken and bruised inside, as she climbed up to the high perch beside Ben, and took the reins.

Time and again on the drive homeward, Bendy had to let the winded Tillie and Tom stop, their wet sides heaving harshly. Over and over she and Ben worked, tightening ropes. When the road was down grade, she had to hold the worn brake tight against the wagon wheel. Something like an ant carrying a leaf, this caravan of theirs.

The plains darkened, and stars came out. Such slow, dragging miles. Past the Dwight ranch, and she knew a surging anger. So here was the new neighbor who said their fences were slack—that they were slack people.

Now this long, hard pull up the hill between the Dwight ranch and All-alone Smith's. They were at the barbed wire gate between Smith land and the Rocking Chair land when down the road plunged the spotted dog! Tillie's colt and Goosie began cowering—even Bendy, who was opening the gate, felt an impulse to scramble onto the coupling pole in back.

"Reach me the whip, Ben," she called.

"If you can give me a lantern," Noll broke in, "I'm sure I can make it."

"You won't go alone," Jim Crow said firmly, getting to his feet.

"Nobody's going out in this storm," Mrs. Jamieson said with equal firmness. "Besides, there's no need of it. Didn't any of you spot the telephone while you were hunting 'round? We're really not far, in miles, from civilization, you know. All the houses on the lake have telephones, and of course we keep ours on as late as we stay. Andy, you'll find it in the hall closet—there's a shelf at the back. It's dark in there—you'll have to take a candle. Tell Miss Fran, with my love, that I'm stealing her house party till the storm lets up."

Felicity drew a long breath of relief, and sat back weakly in her chair. Their perilous adventure was turning out to be as simple as all that.

"I'm in luck," Mrs. Jamieson was saying comfortably, when Felicity was listening again. "I've always hated staying here alone, when Fred's away. And now to have four nice youngsters drop down on me, right out of the storm—" she beamed on them hospitably. "Jim Crow—I like that funny little name—try your hand at making another pile of toast, and let Felicity rest. And while Andy's telephoning, Noll here might tell me the story about that deserted ship—what did you call her, the *Marie Celeste*? It's just the night for a good sea yarn."

The replenished fire sparkled and crackled and glowed with renewed cheer; the little copper kettle purred softly on its crane, and the delicious smell of bread toasting filled the big, cosy room aromatically. Outside, the wind howled, and the drifting snow tapped with elfin fingers at the drawn shutters.

Everyone leaned back, relaxed, and warm, and bright-eyed.

"I'm going to have something to tell the girls at school when I go back," Felicity sighed happily. "Go on, Noll. I promise I won't interrupt again."

Ben came bumping down from his perch. He lit one of the firecrackers Ellie had sent Joe, aimed it at the dog. There was an explosion like a gun, and a bedlam of ear-piercing yelps as the dog scurried to cover.

Ben laughed uproariously. "I'll bet that singed a spot off his ornery hide."

A sudden specter seemed to rise out of the night. It was All-alone Smith with fury in her eyes and a shock of corn in her arms. Imagine the woman making a pack horse out of herself, carrying fodder up, shock by shock! Bendy could hear her breath rasping in her throat.

"Laugh!" she cried. "Laugh, you Haydens with your high heads! You've laughed at me—at all I've tried to say to you—all these years. With your hands full, you've laughed. But will you laugh when your hands are empty? Will you laugh when everything has slipped through your slack fingers?"

Bendy, leaning against the wet smelly flank of old Tom, looked at the woman with a dry thudding in her throat. She could only mutter, "You want our Rocking Chair—you've always wanted it."

"It's a broken (Continued on page 48)



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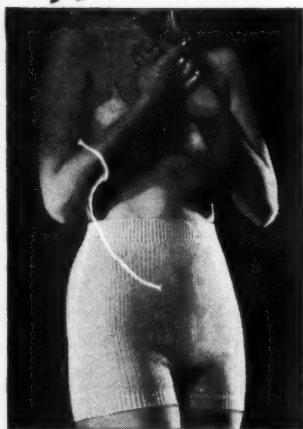
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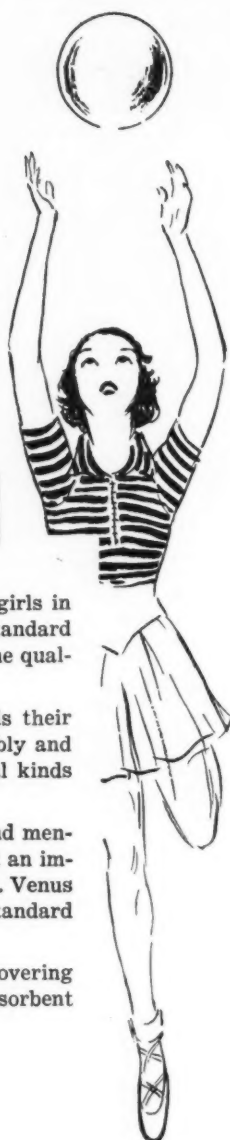


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Made of fine quality Lastex yarn, it stretches both up-and-down and around as it moulds the figure while giving freedom of movement and complete comfort. Snappi Girdles are made in several styles priced from \$2.00 to \$5.00.

Both Snappi Girdles and Venus Junior Napkins are sold in depart-

Heedless Haydens

(Continued from page 47)

chair now," the woman said. "You've let it fall apart."

"Drive on, Bendy," Ben prompted.

"Look!" All-alone Smith held out a brown, calloused hand. "My hands are the kind that hold tight—and yours are the slack kind."

The wagon was rattling through the gate and Bendy hurried the horses faster. Ben murmured, "That woman's crazy as a pet coon."

But the girl was breathless with a cold fear. And with that fear she saw things so clearly it was pain. They had been the loose-fingered kind. Selling first one piece of land, then another—an arm of the Rocking Chair, then a leg. And fast as it left their hands, it had been gathered up by All-alone Smith.

Tillie and Tom came to a creaking stop before their own corral. A bent, limping figure in high-heeled boots and wide Stetson swung open the gate. This was Murdock who had been with the Rocking Chair since it was a far-flung cattle ranch. He carried over a stiff knee from his broncho-busting days. Now he sputtered, "Gosh-a-mighty! I suppose Ben will be totin' home the Methodist church next."

"No, the water tower," Ben answered. "So you'll be sure of your Saturday bath."

Laura came out scolding because they were so late. Skipper Ann was waiting, her wan face loaded with her worshipful smile. Joe was all excitement.

"Here you are!" cried Ben, with a wave toward the hot-dog stand and its wide window. "Here's your turkey apartment-hotel. View of Pike's Peak, valet service—"

"No!" Bendy's voice seemed to come from far away. "No! We won't put that money in turkeys. Oh, can't you see, all of you, how heedless and harum-scarum we've been? And this is our last chance."

She had not known so many sobs could be packed away inside one person, but she pushed the words out around the sobs.

"Can't you see that All-alone Smith is sitting up there like a vulture, watching us, and waiting to get our Rocking Chair? Please, please, let's put the money in cows. It'll mean working our fool heads off—"

To her amazement it was Laura who instantly agreed with her. "And we won't use this hot-dog stand for turkeys. We'll use it for a teacher—for that persnickety one that Ab Drummy told us wanted a room to herself. We'll have her board money. Then I could make a budget and plan the meals. I've always wanted to have a budget!"

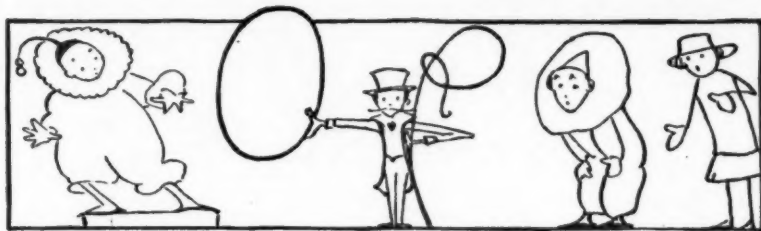
Did All-alone Smith get her clutches on the ranch? Next month's installment will tell you more about these fascinating characters.

Cover Contest News

The winning title for the October cover is "The Wearing of the Green." Jane Jordan of Chicago, Illinois, who submitted this title, will receive a book as a prize.

Other good titles received are "Calling All Scouts," "Attention, Girl Scouts!" and "Wig-wag Welcome."

If you think of a good title for this month's cover, send it to the Cover Contest Editor, in care of THE AMERICAN GIRL, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York City. You do not have to be a subscriber to enter the contest. Please print the title, and include only your name, address, age, and the date, on the same sheet. All entries must be mailed not later than December fifteenth.



Laugh and Grow Scout

Just for That!

Billy's mother looked at him accusingly.

"What have you done with all your money, son?" she asked. "Your little bank is empty."

"Well, Mother," answered the boy, "you know you told me to save for a rainy day. And yesterday was a rainy day, so I spent it."—*Sent by VIRGINIA ALICE STOUT, Cape Girardeau, Missouri.*

The Reason

"They're taking all those pay-as-you-leave cars off the line."

"Why?"

"Two Scotchmen starved to death in one."—*Sent by AMY DE FONTES, Honolulu, Hawaii.*

The Funniest Joke I Have Heard This Month

Okay



TEACHER: Is there anything that hibernates in the summer?

PUPIL: There's Santa Claus.—*Sent by RUTH WORTHY, Boston, Massachusetts.*

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.

New Driver

SALESMAN: What kind of car would you like, madam—four, six, or eight cylinders?

TIMID CUSTOMER: Couldn't I begin with one?—*Sent by BARBARA WILLIAMS, Evanston, Illinois.*

Proof of It

Little Donald was anxious to be promoted from kindergarten into the first grade. While his mother was speaking about the matter to the principal of the school, she was interrupted by Donald. "Tell her that I'm a big boy now, Mother," he begged, his small face very earnest. "I have loose teeth."—*Sent by KATE McCALL, Whittier, California.*

Speaking Likeness



A teacher was explaining to her class about the jungle and the things in it. Seeing a day-dreaming pupil, she said, "Pay strict attention to me, Betty, or you won't know what a rhinoceros looks like."—*Sent by EILEEN MAY BATCHELOR, Oswego, New York.*

The Long and Short of It

ATHLETE: Mom, this spaghetti reminds me of football.

MOTHER: How, son?

ATHLETE: Always ten more yards to go.—*Sent by CAROLYN S. COTTER, Hollis, New York.*

Glass Houses



CROSS AND SHORTSIGHTED OLD LADY (in antique shop): And here, I suppose, is another of the horrible portraits you call "art."

SHOPKEEPER (quietly): Excuse me, madam, but that's a mirror.—*Sent by PEGGY WEED, Montclair, New Jersey.*

Be Santa Claus to your room

Give your room a present this year—cheer it up for the holidays. Freshen the curtains and linens. Brighten the woodwork and windows. You can do it easily—with Fels-Naptha's extra help. Its good golden soap and plentiful naptha, working together, get things beautifully clean—without hard rubbing. This extra help can lighten Mother's holiday washing and cleaning, too. Does she know about it?

FELS-NAPTHA

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The Official Girl Scout Raincoat of rubberized Girl Scout cloth leads a double life—it is used not only as a raincoat but as a sport coat with the uniform, making an attractive ensemble. The checked flannel lining adds warmth and color, and the deep-notched lapels, raglan sleeves and tailored pockets give style. Shoulder seams are specially reinforced and cemented.

A 251 Sizes 8-16.....\$7.00
C 251 Sizes 18-44.....8.50

One-Button Gloves of soft brown cape-skin, tailored by Myers, are correct with sport clothes as well as the Girl Scout uniform. The button of the clasp fastener is stamped with the trefoil in gold. Sizes 5½-8.

A 271.....\$1.50

Breeches are ideal for cross-country hiking, deep-woods camping and for mountain climbing. Not only do they give protection to knees and legs but the additional comfort of complete freedom of movement. Both the corduroy and wool whipcord are dark green. Sizes 10-40.

F 201 Corduroy\$5.50
F 202 Wool whipcord..... 7.50

Hosiery for active outdoor sports must be made for rough usage. The new tweed 7/8 sock in green with solid green cuff with trefoil design is ideally suited for wear with the breeches. The anklet is worn over the regular hose for additional protection against cold and damp feet. The anklet is light green with a dark green cuff designed with the trefoil. Sizes 8½-10½.

F 318 Anklet\$4.00
F 332 Tweed 7/8 sock..... .55

Bedroom Slippers for Girl Scouts have soft suede soles with cushioned heels and uppers of pliable dark green leather. The trefoil stamped on the tongue marks them as official. Sizes 3-8. No half sizes.

H 191\$1.25

The Sport Jacket is closely woven of dark green wool for protection against dampness and wind. The fine ribbing at wrists and hips gives a snug fit and the zipper fastener runs clear up to the high, manish collar and comes apart at the bottom, all of which make this jacket ideal for hiking, skating, skiing and other winter sports.

J 123 Sizes 10-16.....\$5.50
J 124 Sizes 36-44..... 6.50

A Tailored Shirt of soft green all-wool flannel is an appropriate part of any sports outfit—with breeches or skirt. The fine

finishing and tailoring, turned-back cuffs and high collar will appeal to Girl Scouts and leaders. Sizes 10-44.

J 201\$4.75

The Bathrobe is made of a fine quality all-wool flannel in the tailored model so popular with girls of all ages. The three large patch pockets are trimmed with bands of Reseda green. The cuffs, shawl collar and sash are also of the lighter green. Generously cut and well tailored, they will stand up under hard wear at home, college or in camp. The trefoil emblem in green and white is supplied with each robe.

J 401 Sizes 10-16.....\$6.00
J 402 Sizes 18-44..... 7.00

Slip-Over Sweaters of soft brush wool are popular with Girl Scouts of graded school, high school or college age, as well as with leaders who work in an office or at teaching. Worn with a sport skirt, with or without a blouse, they make a comfortable, attractive and appropriate costume. Well tailored and smooth fitting at V-neck, wrists and hips, these sweaters may be worn under a coat without bulkiness or discomfort. Sizes 28-44.

J 253 Jade green (no emblem).....\$3.00
J 254 Dark green (with emblem)..... 3.00

A Beret may be considered almost a necessary part of a sports costume and is probably the most popular style of hat with all ages and types of girls. Becoming to almost everyone, available in so many matching and contrasting colors and reasonable, berets are bought by the twos and threes. Colors: red, orange, green, light blue, brown, white and black.

J 501\$7.75

A Toilet Kit for those who travel, weekend or camp must be compact but complete. The Girl Scout toilet kit fills both these requirements. Comb, brush, soap and cold cream or tooth paste containers, tooth brush and protector are all of light green. The towel and face cloth are white trimmed in green, and the case is of Girl Scout cloth lined with rubber. The dimensions, complete with all accessories, are 9½" x 7" x 2".

M 501.....\$2.50

The Girl Scout Blanket of dark green wool, soft and fluffy, is just as appropriate in camp as in the Girl Scout's own room. The trefoil design woven in the center as well as the blanket stitching at either end are a golden yellow. Eighty-five per cent wool, this blanket is very warm but weighs only 3¾ pounds. Size 66" x 80".

P 212.....\$4.75





The First Aid Kit includes besides the medicinal contents an instruction booklet and a case of Girl Scout material so the kit may be carried on the belt. M 251.....\$.85

The Official Knife has a stag handle, with blade and tools of steel. M 301.....\$ 1.50

A Knife with featherweight handle of green pyralin has steel blade and tools. M 311.....\$ 1.00

The Compass in nickeled case has a revolving needle with locking device. M 356 \$.80

The New Compass has a bakelite case, revolving needle with locking device and is marked at every 5 degrees.
M 358 Green case.....\$ 1.00
M 359 Mariner blue.....\$ 1.00

The Sunwatch in satin finish brass case contains also a small and reliable compass. With instructions. M 381.....\$ 1.00

The Lantern is enameled green and comes complete with batteries. M 421.....\$ 1.25

This Flashlight, jade green with nickel fittings, may be used as an electric candle also. Complete with batteries. M 411.....\$ 1.25

A Large Flashlight, also green with nickel trimmings, has a right-angled head. Complete with batteries. M 401.....\$ 1.50

The Towel Set, wrapped in cellophane, consists of an 18" x 34" bath towel and 12" square face cloth. In green and white only. M 503.....\$.50

A Vanity Set in green leather case with gold trefoil contains mirror, nail file and orange stick. M 506.....\$.35

A Manicure Set of scissors, nail file and orange stick comes in a green leather case. M 508.....\$.90

A Folding Cup of nickel plate collapses to an inch in depth. M 541.....\$.25

The Sewing Kit contains white, brown and green thread, two shades brown darning cotton, thimble and an assortment of needles and pins. M 552.....\$.35

The Scissors in green leatherette case are 7" length. M 571.....\$.75

A Cookie Cutter of frosted aluminum cuts cookies, sandwiches or candies in trefoil shape 2 1/2" in width. M 591.....\$.15

The Bookmark is of green suedine with metal trefoil head. M 609.....\$.15

An Address Book with green leatherette cover has forty pages ruled for names, addresses and telephone numbers. M 615 \$.20

The Autograph Album has a leatherette cover in deep green, and 46 gold-edged white and tinted sheets. M 616.....\$.50

The Girl Scout Purse of green leather has two compartments and straps for slipping onto the belt. M 621.....\$.50

The Wallet of green pin seal finish leather has an extra pocket for coins. M 626 \$ 1.00

The Official Watch with trefoil design on the dial has a case of chrome plate, second hand, radium minute and hour hands and bracelet of braided leatherette. M 706 \$ 5.00

The Pen and Pencil Set is of green mother of pearl composition with the trefoil on the clips. The pen point is 14 K. gold. Set. M 761.....\$ 2.25
M 762 Pen only.....\$ 1.25
M 763 Pencil only.....\$ 1.00

The Kodak, finished in green, is complete with instruction booklet and green leather carrying case. M 801.....\$ 6.00

The Woodsman's Knife has a handle of green chrome leather, steel blade and sheath of green leather. P 252.....\$ 1.35

The Axe has a short, well balanced handle and tempered steel blade. Both blade and handle are stained green. P 262.....\$ 1.25

The Sheath is of heavy tan leather and may be worn on the belt. P 263.....\$.45

Axe and Sheath complete. P 264.....\$ 1.50

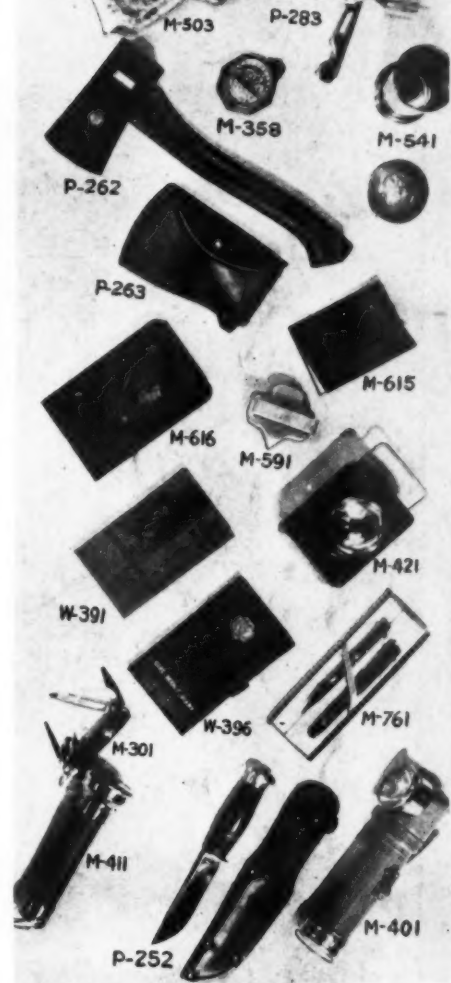
The Chow Kit in green pigskin case contains spoon and folding knife and fork. P 283.....\$ 1.00

The Matchbox of nickel plated seamless brass will hold a generous supply of matches absolutely waterproof. P 901.....\$.60

The Diary for 1935 contains even more information than in previous years and sells at a reduced price. W 391.....\$ 1.10

The Diary Cover of green leatherette is removable and contains pencil and inside pocket for note-paper. W 396.....\$.25

The Auto-Flector may also be used on bicycles. The reflecting background is green, design gold and case is of rustproof metal. Y 917.....\$.50



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